VOLUME 154 NUMBER 7

LOOKING FORWARD

THE LATE PRESIDENT of Harvard, Charles W. Eliot, considering the scientific advance, foresaw a day when the very complexity of life might present so many and such a bewildering array of facts that men's minds, staggered by the difficulty of extracting an answer from such marshalled chaos, would turn back to themselves for a guiding principle whereby to reëstablish spiritual and social order. Mankind would become like a traveler lost in a tangled forest at night, who if he took count of all the trees would die in the woods. His prime need would be for a compass.

VIEWING THE POLITICAL world of the present moment—particularly international relations and prohibition—it is clear that such a moment has almost arrived. We are rapidly getting lost in the woods because in solving our difficulties we are long on facts and short on principles. As leader after leader exchanges statesmanship for politics, ambiguity becomes king and confusion becomes worse confounded.

RECOGNIZING the necessity for the compass of principle in this situation, and considering that most good things begin at home, the Editors of the Outlook and Independent in this issue indorse the movement to repeal the 18th Amendment. In principle, we are opposed to the prohibitionist's mandatory method of dealing with the question. We believe in achieving general temperance by education of the individual and we see only temporary good in seeking practical plans to amend the Volstead Act when the 18th Amendment itself is coercive in principle.

IN THE END, we think the matter will come down to this fundamental question of principle—involving each man's sincerity, the kind of social relationships he believes in, and the personal beliefs on which he runs his own life.

OPPOSED AS WE ARE to the prohibitionist's conception of life, we cannot believe that it is the best foundation for social progress.

Francis Rufus Bellamy

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PIERROT

A painting by Picasso in the Museum of Modern Art, New York

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Outlook
and Independent
February 12, 1930

Repeal the Eighteenth Amendment

By the Editors

THE Metropolitan Life Insurance Company has published the fact that the alcoholic death rate among their nineteen million policy holders has increased nearly six hundred per cent in the last ten years—double what it was in 1918, and approximately the same as in the years preceding. This removes the last doubt from the mind of any reasonable person that the time has come to move for the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment.

From time to time, we have said that the policy of the Outlook and Independent is not to offer panaceas, but to inquire as intelligently as possible into the various aspects of our civilization—referring to social and political action such evils as are evident.

Well, then, here is an evil.

Basically the Amendment violates the fundamental purpose of the Constitution. The Constitution is, or was until 1919, a frame and nothing but a frame of government; a rock of principles upon which a self-governing people could erect their changing structure of legislation. It delegated powers here, restricted them there. The intent of the men who wrote it was to protect the people not only from the government but from the majority; thus the Constitution says that the majority shall not put the minority in jail without a legal trial nor force the minority to pay a disproportionate amount of taxes.

We have to say goodbye to that interpretation of the Constitution if we continue to accept the principle and the precedent of the Eighteenth Amendment. So long as it is in force the minority must bow to the will of the majority—even when that majority becomes a minority; as it will, if there is any hope for democracy.

We favor repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment because its malignant influence has been demonstrated by the excesses that have followed its adoption: the violation of the right of the people to be safe in their persons and their homes, the approval of wire tapping by the Supreme Court of the United States, the sanction of extreme punishment for offenses that are not in their essence crimes, the poisoning of alcohol, the employment of criminals for enforcement work repugnant to decent men, the demoralization of our police, the enthronement of fanatics, the hypocrisy of our politicians, crime, graft, and the lessening of respect for all law. However noble the motive that inspired the Amendment the consequences are deplorable.

This journal favors its repeal because we see that despite the harsh measures which have followed in its wake, actual national prohibition is still a will-o'-the-wisp. There is liquor for those who want it in every state in the Union. Those who deny this refuse to face plain facts. So long as we persist in chasing this ideal of perfection, the practical need for today and tomorrow—a legal method of controlling the manufacture, sale and consumption of liquor—is impossible. The whole business is outside the law and in the hands of gunmen. Until this vital mistake is rectified genuine social progress is impossible.

We are aware, of course, that our purpose entails a long, hard and bitter fight. We have no illusions on that score. But to say that it cannot be achieved, is to say that this country is no longer a republic. Until it is achieved genuine progress in handling the liquor question is impossible; for the simple reason that until repeal is at hand, constructive suggestions will remain in the realm of theory. Not until we completely abandon the prohibitory principle which is back of the Eighteenth Amendment, and turn to the principle of practical regulation can an effective plan be devised that will actually eliminate the speakeasy, that will control production and sale of liquor through licensed, commercial channels for home and licensed hotel and restaurant use; that will assure a practical national enactment giving local option to the states, and enlisting the support of society to the point where severe penalties for the individual's abuse of liquor can be enforced.

At the present moment, the greatest need of the country is to realize that the public supporters of prohibition will not compromise, but will defeat all efforts to modify the present situation. To them, any change in Prohibition must be in the direction of more enforcement, with the resultant aggravation of the evils with which we are already afflicted. People, therefore, who desire any improvement in the situation are being deluded if they look for it from the Cannons and Wilsons. There is but one final answer. Let us repeal the Eighteenth Amendment.

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Lost Cause

A Portrait of Lucy Page Gaston

By FRANCES WARFIELD

The arch enemy of the cigarette was a valiant fighter, but no American reformer labored with so little success. When Miss Gaston consecrated her life to banishing the "coffin nail" from the land, the annual consumption was about two billion. To-day the figure is nearer two hundred billion. A previous contribution by Miss Warfield was "America On Wheels"

AN ANCIENT prejudice has been removed. Strike up "The Stars and Stripes Forever." For the stripes, rows upon rows of little white cylinders, once poisonous, now wholesome as spinach; one hundred billion of them are smoked a year. For the stars, the scratching matches; two hundred thousand are scratched a minute. "Coffin nails," "white slavers," "little white imps," "little white hearse plumes"—but let us not lay them end to end. Let us sit back while meditative smoke-rings wreathe the memory of the cigarette's arch enemy and the cigarette manufacturer's best friend, Lucy Page Gaston.

Lucy Page Gaston. Born in 1860, of the union of two staunch lines of Revolutionist, Abolitionist, Prohibitionist, 'Ware-the-Devil forebears, Miss Gaston grew up in Illinois, amidst the mounting clamor of the temperance movement, in a state already astir with dauntless petticoats and belligerent feminine elbows. Before her eyes was the middle western woman, developing into what Thomas Beer has called "an emblem, a grotesque shape in hot black silk . . . with her companionable ministers and reformers at her heel." On her youthful ears fell the ladylike war-cries of Frances Willard and her bonneted W.C.T.U., embattled but in a nice way. Miss Willard was a friend of Lucy's mother, who as a young lady had enrolled with the famous old White Ribbon "Crusaders" of Ohio. Later, as Miss Gaston marshalled her own platoons, came the heartening echoes of Carry Nation's hatchet.

In the Gaston household, the spirit of reform was rampant. All the Gastons were upright; non-smokers, total abstainers, anxious to make the rest of the world as good as they were. To escape, Lucy would have had to be extraordinarily well-balanced or at least somewhat pretty. She was neither. She grew tall and bony, with the high forehead, prominent temples, and long upper lip which made people call Alexander Hugh Gaston the image of Abraham Lincoln. At thirteen, she was not eyeing little boys over the top of her slate; she was teaching them Sunday School lessons. At sixteen, a full-fledged schoolma'am, she was whacking their knuckles with a ruler. Lucy never had a beau. Instead, she had a call from God to warn the public, boys especially, against the evils of the cigarette.

Ten years of teaching school and Sunday School, sandwiching pleas for temperance and clean living between geography and Genesis, and Miss Gaston was positive that the youth of the nation was up to no good. The back rows of her classrooms were filled with surly, shuffling boys who failed their examinations, who loitered on street corners after school, caps on the sides of their heads, hands fumbling in pockets. Miss Gaston knew; there were cigarettes in those pockets. Later, she saw the same type of boy, reformatory-bound, in the juvenile court. Cigarettes put him there. His face she called "the cigarette face."

With increasing vehemence she warned her pupils against this instrument of evil, which destroyed red corpuscles, robbed the body of its vitality and the mind of its keenness, shattered the nerves, dimmed the vision, impaired the memory, weakened will-power, and ruined big prospects of success.

Nor was that all. When the cigarette got a boy down, it jumped on him. Miss Gaston had not been reared under her father's roof for nothing; she had heard every day of her life what cigarette-smoking led to. It led to drink, delinquency, disease, and vice. It led to petty larceny and divorce, insanity and death. Everywhere she saw the menace in action—everywhere, but especially "down behind the barn," where tough boys taught innocents the manly art of inhaling. Her dreams were dogged by visions of chubby hands salvaging cigar and cigarette stubs, wisely discarded by grown men. A grown man knew, she said, that the deadly poisons concentrated toward the unsmoked end, and often threw away his coffin nail after a few puffs. She saw street urchins stop their elders with a cocky, "Gimme a light, mister?" sometimes getting both lights and whole cigarettes. Worst of all, she found unscrupulous dealers in the very shadow of the school house, who broke packages and sold cigarettes to minors, two and three for a cent.

This was the last straw. Blackboarded walls could no longer contain her indignation; she walked out of school and into public combat. She had learned the exhilaration of active reforming when, as a student at the State Normal School, she led raids—then so popular—on saloons, gambling dens, and tobacco shops. Working on the editorial staff of the W.C.T.U.'s official organ, she caught the knack of journalism. Her family by this time had moved nearer Chicago, to Harvey, Illinois, and, first editing a woman's edition of a local paper and later assuming managing editorship of the rival sheet, she waged brisk war on Harvey saloons.

But temperance work could not hold her; her heart was in redeeming the boy, not the man. More to the point, temperance work was already too well generaled. A complete, high-pressure, Heaven-guided organization in herself, Miss Gaston could not then, nor could she ever, endure working within organizations. She saw the anti-cigarette front relatively unguarded, save for a few sporadic W.C.T.U. Sunday School pledge-signings, and made for it pell-mell, armed only with her convictions and the Clean Life Pledge. Occasionally thereafter she would sociably join the ladies in worrying a saloon or bordello, but not often. Though the Clean Pledge Life included abstemption from intoxicating liquors, her effort was almost wholly dedicated to freeing America from the cigarette.

Schools and churches in and around Chicago soon knew her well. Bearing down on Epworth Leaguers, Christian

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Endeavorers, and the like, she lectured uneasy young men and urged their blushing girl friends to use their influence for good by cutting boys who smoked. With her brother, Edward Page Gaston, at her elbow, she began to haunt state legislatures, buttonholing luckless and drowsy statesmen, plying them with statistics, demanding sweeping statutes. Her program was to rouse public opinion, secure wealthy and influential sponsors, and thus force balky legislators to outlaw the cigarette, not only for minors (most states had done so already) but for every one.

Impossible? Not so. In the first place, the cigarette was in none too good repute. Though the annual output had increased from one million to two billion between 1869 and 1890, this was but one-half the annual output of cigars. For women, a cigarette between the fingers was, of course, the smouldering symbol of the prostitute. To the deep-lunged, heavy-feeding, hirsute male of the '90's, the cigarette seemed unsatisfactory and effeminate. Again, there might be something in all these rumors that the coffin nail was "doped," that it was adulterated with sweepings, cigar snipes, and what not; that its smoke was alive with poisonous gases. Moreover, that was a tight-lipped, pious generation, accustomed to legislating evil out of sight. All Miss Gaston had to do was to prove the cigarette sufficiently evil.

A few patient years of plugging and her crusade caught on. In the late nineties, sponsored by Hon. Thomas Brennan of the Chicago Board of Education, she and a corps of recruited lecturers invaded Chicago schools in earnest. Eager ears, already attuned by the W.C.T.U., heard her pleas to churches and Sunday Schools to organize leagues against the cigarette. Happily, organizing involved wearing pins and badges, singing songs, and marching in parades. Before long leagues were being formed all through the middle west.

Her consistent campaigning in legislatures outside Illinois began to bear fruit. Newspapers took up the hue and cry, some praising, some deriding, all publicizing. Finally, a group of business men helped her to create the Chicago Anti-Cigarette League. Seventeen trustees were selected, to give her the necessary prestige (prestige was all she required of them), and this board was incorporated locally in 1899. In 1901, the organization became the National Anti-Cigarette League. In 1911, in response to the petitions of Canadian branches, it was broadened into the Anti-Cigarette League of America.

In 1901, founder, superintendent, indeed the whole works of the first national anti-cigarette organization, Miss Gaston, just turned forty, was where she wanted to be—on a par with Carry Nation. The two met occasionally. In 1904, according to Herbert Asbury, Mrs. Nation dropped in at the Woman's Temple to note the progress of this rival war and was horrified to see a picture of Theodore Roosevelt on the walls of Miss Gaston's private office. With phenomenal restraint, Mrs. Nation requested permission to tear the picture up; she had it from three eye-witnesses that the President was a cigarette smoker. Miss Gaston could not believe it. She wrote to the White House and, receiving a reply from his secretary that the President had never touched tobacco in any form, she collected a fifty dollar wager from the still-skeptical Carry and let the picture hang.

Pittsburgh Commercial Gazette

THE BATTLE IS ON

Cartoon reproduced in "Zeal," the official advocate of the Federation of Young People's Societies of America

Abetted by anti-cigarette drivers in other cities and by the Federation of Young People's Societies which helped to tie outlying leagues into the national organization, Miss Gaston's message spread. From her cluttered desk she edited *The Boy*, the League's monthly house-organ, which reviewed the field, reported legislative progress, and combined pep articles, sermons, anecdotes, children's features, livewire dialogues between a cigarette and a bottle of whiskey, with much thought-provoking data gathered from the daily press, such as:

Daffy: John Jones, aged 19, is very sick and at times acts very queer, caused by the excessive use of cigarettes. Denver *Post*.

Murderer: Charles Burton, aged 17, is to be hanged for murder. He was a cigarette fiend. New York *Telegram*.

Jumped: Elizabeth Scott, an inveterate cigarette smoker, jumped from a three-story window. Boston *Globe*.

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A gaunt, middle-aged woman with a purpose, wearing spectacles and rustling black silk, she toured Chicago's dingier thoroughfares, in search of boy smokers.

Seeing one, she accosted him with the words, "You're just the boy I'm looking for." Swiftly and graphically, she informed him where he was headed. Other boys collected. Pamphlets and tracts popped from her bulging handbag. The boys were invited to think things over. Cannily, she refused to let them swear off on the spot. Once a boy had taken thought, had reported at headquarters, had memorized and signed the Clean Life Pledge, and had received a Clean Life button, he was saved. For, said Miss Gaston, "a boy is a great stickler for honor. Once he has signed our pledge, he would cut off his hand before he would break it."

Through their nearest Sunday School, boys might also join the League and wear the A. C. L. pin. Many did. Buttons and pins appeared all over the country. Children loved them. They loved jeering, with immunity, at adult smokers on the streets, chasing them into sheltering trolley cars. Bolder spirits even snatched the defiling cylinders from the lips of elderly men. Prize essay contests were a popular feature of the League, bringing such responses as:

Irwin Taylor: I know a young lady who would not marry a man because he smoked cigarettes. I'll not smoke them because I do not want any young lady to refuse me on that account.

Edward Wilson: Cigarettes are made out of stubs of cigars. They make me sick.

Fred Haley: I chewed tobacco and smoked cigarettes and lost two pounds. Tobacco is a misfortune.

By 1907, cigarettes had been prohibited in Wisconsin, Oklahoma, Nebraska, and Arkansas. Hearing that a bill forbidding cigarette manufacture was pending in Albany, Miss Gaston packed up her pamphlets and went to New York. New York, she knew, would be difficult; where vice is so well organized, she pointed out, it is hard to make an impression. She had heard that New York society women thought nothing of picking up cigarettes after dinner and smoking furiously. Miss Gaston wrote to the swankier clubs, Sorosis, Colony, and the like, urging members to join her Lincoln Guards, confident that where Fifth Avenue led the Bowery would follow. She enclosed cards bearing pictures of Lincoln, and, underneath, the Clean Life Pledge:

"I hereby pledge myself with the help of God to abstain from all intoxicating liquors as a beverage and from the use of tobacco in any form."

"HE IS AFTER THE LITTLE ONES NOW"

From "The Boy" a monthly publication which was issued by the Anti-Cigarette League

Ignoring her, the clubs could not discourage her. She lectured to newsboys on the East Side and under Brooklyn Bridge. She rented an office and secured a committee of influential names. She was not even dismayed when New York legislators, who had proved polite, also proved slippery. Slipperiness in legislators was an old story. Even in her own Illinois, she confessed, some legislators were not as sincere as they appeared to be. She blamed the tobacco interests, coached by shrewd lawyers, when by 1911 Illinois had twice passed ostensibly bona fide anti-cigarette bills which were pronounced invalid by the state Supreme Court. "But some day we shall win," she declared. "The time will come when cigarette smoking will be condemned by public sentiment and prohibited by law just as the use of opium is today."

Directly or indirectly through her efforts, total anti-cigarette laws had been passed in eleven states by 1913. Smoking in these states, as even she was bound to admit, went on as usual. Tobacco manufacturers sent cigarette papers through the mails; retail dealers sold matches for twenty cents or so and gave cigarettes away. But Lucy's spirits were high—almost as high as those of cigarette manufacturers, whose business, having fallen off nearly fifty per cent between the years 1897 and 1901, fattened on adverse legislation and by 1907 had reached a new peak. No slant-eyed charmer on today's billboards, no Junior League bevy puffing and parading their emancipation on Fifth Avenue, no enthusiastic brain-worker, singer, or athlete endorser has promoted cigarette sales as did Miss Gaston and her co-workers, whose every blow was a boost for the tobacco trust.

The blows rained heavily. For example, there was furfural. Furfural, apparently, was Miss Gaston's own idea. "Down with Prince Nicotine," sang the ladies of the W.C.T.U. Possibly Lucy thought up a new drug to confuse them and steal their thunder. At any rate, if she did not actually invent furfural, she put it on its feet.

Scientific analysis, she declared, showed some twenty drugs (nicotine among them) to be present in the cigarette. Of these the most deadly was furfural. It was produced, she said, by the burning of glycerine, used in cigarette manufacture because of its cohesive and moisture-holding properties. Occasionally she varied this explanation with the aid of Webster, who defines furfural as a colorless, aromatic, volatile, oily compound formed by distilling bran and the like with sulphuric acid. With the dogmatic inaccuracy of the reformer (present-day anti-cigarette literature, for instance, points a moral from the fact that furfural derives its name from the Latin *fur, furis,* a thief; whereas the word really springs innocently from *furfur,*

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DRURY COLLEGE LIBRARY Springfield, Missouri

meaning bran) she announced that furfural was fifty times as poisonous as ordinary alcohol. Moreover, the furfural in one cigarette provided the equivalent in "kick" of two ounces of whiskey. Let the white-ribboners take that! Another subtle crow over the men-saving temperance workers might be detected in Miss Gaston's favorite motto: "Save a man and you save a unit; save a boy and you save a multiplication table."

Then there was the cigarette cure. About 1913 the news spread around that the neurologist, Dr. D. H. Kress, general secretary of the League, would administer a cure to repentant victims. This Keeley of furfural did not claim that his treatment was new or that it would permanently remove a smoker's craving. He guaranteed, however, to bolster up will power. His recipe, still being distributed by the national anti-cigarette organization, was a mouthwash of silver nitrate solution to be used after meals for three days. It was to be accompanied by eliminative baths and a non-stimulating diet. The patient was supplied with gentian root to chew on when the old craving returned.

Thereafter, Miss Gaston never failed to have gentian root in her handbag. Look into a woman's handbag, by the way, and you look into her soul. Miss Gaston's bag, like her career, was a jumbled mass—pamphlets, papers, change, graham crackers, and gentian root. She was incapable of arranging papers, or keeping records or files. Money flowed loosely through her fingers; the cause kept her almost constantly in debt, since her vision was always a jump ahead of her bank balance. The graham crackers she ate. It has been said that during the greater part of her twenty-five years of active work she lived entirely on these unattractive biscuits, rationing out morsels to herself and once a day going to a lunch room for a glass of milk with which to urge them down. Wherever she went she distributed pamphlets and gentian root, admonishing listeners to read, chew, and be saved. "Remember gentian root," she would say. "You spell it g-e-n-t-i-a-n."

Whatever its actual efficacy, the cure created a satisfactory stir in Chicago. Testimonials and penitents poured into League headquarters. The opportunity to experience a new sensation free was too good to be missed. Reporters came for feature stories and wished they hadn't; the first cigarette after the mouthwash made the smoker deathly ill. Pictures of Miss Gaston, in checked gingham and a guimpe, administering the cure appeared in the newspapers. She was having remarkable results, she said, in curing children whom cigarettes had landed in court. When League headquarters became overcrowded, she opened a separate clinic for women. Decidedly, the cause was well established.

Then came the War.

A roll of drums, the strains of "Over There," the tramp of marching feet, and the patient work of nearly twenty years collapsed. No one needs to be reminded how it became a duty to send cigarettes to our boys, how word sped about that the cigarette was the soldier's best friend. It spurred him over the top; it comforted him when he lay wounded. Women war workers took up the habit; they reported that in England and France women smoked openly, on buses, on the streets, in cafés. Nervous times. Keep going the best way you can. "While you've a lucifer to light your fag—." And so on. Who wanted to hear morality statistics when the Germans might be coming any minute? Who cared for gentian root then?

Miss Gaston did. Doggedly, she drove on. She pointed out that the cigarette was a double menace in the trenches, since the glowing end furnished the enemy with a target. She insisted that an army of furfural-breathers never could win. She instituted proceedings against the patriotic organizations of Kansas for sending cartons to the front when cigarettes could not legally be bought and sold within the State. Those few who heeded her sharply questioned her love of country.

When at last the fighting ended, Miss Gaston, relieved, declared that "the War is over now, and the cigarette is once more a poison." But every one had heard different. Returned soldiers were confirmed smokers; women, through association with men in business, she said, were jacking up the demand for cigarettes by as much as fifty per cent a year. Manufacturers had broadcast sound scientific opinions that cigarette-smoking was apparently no more injurious than any other form of smoking and that the danger of nicotine, furfural, carbon monoxide, and the like in cigarettes was slenderly authenticated. In the public mind the menace of the coffin nail went up in smoke. Several states, realizing that their prohibitory anti-cigarette statutes were habitually broken, sensibly repealed them, substituting laws prohibiting sales to minors. Miss Gaston had all her work to do over again, and she was nearly sixty years old.

THE VICTIM OF THE CIGARETTE
Reproduced from "The Boy"

Up then, and at it! She refused to relax her efforts: in truth, she redoubled them. From then on, she declared, it was to be "war to the death." But the World War had ended, and, though she never realized the fact, her own war had ended with it. The old Carry Nation tactics were unsuitable in the post-war generation, which openly abused her or laughed her away as a harmless though troublesome crank. Seeing that new methods were in order, the International League began to concentrate on scientific aspects and limit its work to boys and girls. When Miss Gaston, carrying on in the old way, stirred up a nest of lawsuits, she was asked to resign.

This she did, on the last day of 1919, almost on the twentieth anniversary of the founding of the League. The League sighed with relief. But not for long. On the first day of January, 1920, Miss Gaston announced her candidacy for President of the United States. Her platform was clean morals, clean food, and fearless law enforcement. Her reasons for seeking nomination were simple:

1. She looked like Lincoln.
2. Though the men had made a good start in reforming America by abolishing the saloon, she felt that it would take a woman to put the finishing touches on the moral uplift.
3. She had no husband to worry about.
4. She felt that the people of the country were solidly behind her in the "good morals movement" which was the paramount issue of the day.

(Please Turn to Page 275)

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Is Motoring a Crime?

By DARWIN L. TEILHET

The author has put his finger on a vital weakness in our present system of traffic control. Are men whose primary thought is that they are policemen, competent to direct the essentially economic flow of motors through our streets and roads? Mr. Teilhet is in the advertising business. He lives in San Francisco

INSTEAD of considering traffic as a natural economic flow that must be diplomatically cajoled into moving faster, the majority of policemen who make up our traffic departments seem to consider each driver or pedestrian in traffic as an incipient violator of the law to be punished and bullied like a criminal.

"Police officers are engaged in the detection and punishment of crime," writes G. Cameron Parker, secretary of the Ontario Department of Public Highways. "They deal almost entirely with the criminal classes, and cannot consequently be expected to have the proper attitude towards the wayward motorist who may thoughtlessly 'step on the gas.' Motorists are, with few exceptions, respectable, law-abiding citizens. They are not criminal in attitude or action and consequently must not be dealt with as such. They appreciate a timely, polite, but firm warning and will co-operate with authorities issuing it by more carefully observing the law."

An acquaintance of mine, who owns a publishing house near Pittsburgh, drove to Philadelphia. Entering the congested area he cut across a circle which was not marked and was immediately halted by the sound of a whistle. He slowed down half a block away to wait for the policeman to come to him as there was a dense stream of cars behind him. This majestic representative of law and order started swearing loudly at my friend's mistake and motioned him to back up, which the publisher did reluctantly, to the confusion of the surrounding mass of traffic. The officer stormed up to the car and ordered him to recircle twice—holding up traffic while he made the necessary maneuvers. "That'll teach you!" he shouted. "I've been too damn long at this point for any lousy —— to pull stuff like that on me!"

The individual traffic officer fails to comprehend his duty because he is under the obsession that he is a policeman. Actually he is not a policeman. His primary function has nothing to do with criminals. He should be discharged if he cannot handle his traffic column without friction. His training should emphasize the fact that he has a duty to perform that requires courtesy and great tact; that duty is to make the traffic stream flowing past his station move as rapidly and with as little trouble and abuse as possible!

In London I had to ask a tall spotlessly uniformed bobby the address of a nearby building. He did not know but he promptly dug down into his vest pocket, pulled out a well-worn little book, studied it, and then gave the answer courteously and concisely. As I was in a hurry I mumbled a hasty "Thanks!" and started to return to the

Ewing Galloway

sidewalk when I heard his voice crack out, "Thank you!" from behind my back. I turned around, not understanding, and saw him regarding me with a curious expression in his eyes. "Thank you," he repeated again pointedly.

I had the grace to try to clear myself. "I did thank you," I explained, feeling slightly uncomfortable as he looked down his nose at me.

"Sorry, I guess I didn't hear —you're quite welcome!" I left with an inexplicable feeling of confidence in the system that had trained such superb self respect and confidence in that tall London guardian of traffic.

A month or so later, being a stranger to Philadelphia, I had occasion to ask a traffic officer in that respectable city where their public library was. This pie-faced gentleman was industriously chewing tobacco and reflectively shifted the cud in his mouth while he pondered. "I'm damned if I know, brother;" and he made a beautiful pattern on the pavement with his tobacco. "Maybe they can tell you in the drug store across the street."

Experienced investigators have long realized that police officers trained to be watch-dogs, unless they are men of greatly superior mental calibre and have a natural sense of leadership and efficiency, often develop into obstructionists, martinets, and dangerous festers of irritation when placed in their new, supremely important positions as arbiters of the nation's traffic.

Miller McClintock, director of the Erskine Bureau for street traffic research in Harvard, points out that, " . . . traffic police differ substantially from the general police in that to a degree the least important of their duties is that of apprehending offenders. There are few public agents who come into more intimate and trying contact with the public than do traffic officers. The public opinion of the efficiency of the entire city government depends to a degree upon the dignity, courtesy, firmness and good nature with which these representatives of the government conduct themselves."

A civil policeman who has forgotten how to be civil—a man who by the psychological forces of his early training vaguely regards each passing pedestrian or motorist as an embryonic criminal to be treated with the same scant regard, is dangerous.

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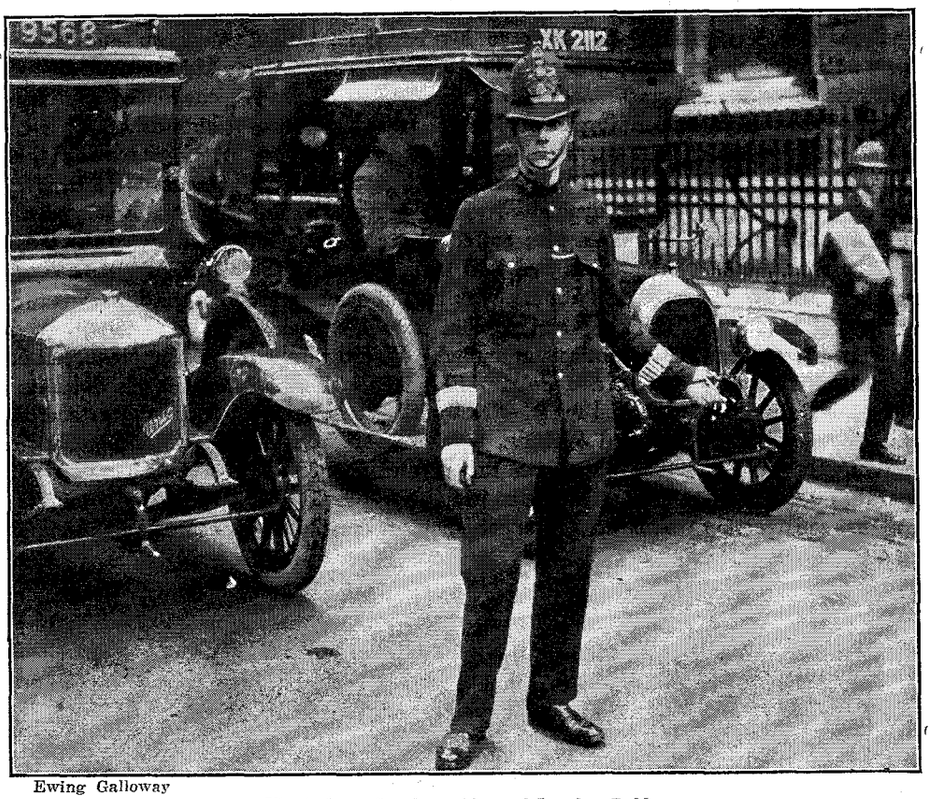
There are a few cities in America, such as Chicago, San Francisco, Washington, St. Louis, Pittsburgh and Newark, where official or quasi-official engineering agencies are beginning to take the problem of traffic out of the hands of the bureaucratic police. The intelligent leadership of Mr. Entrekin, one of the foremost industrial engineers in the East, in establishing synchronized traffic signals in Newark is a favorable sign of the coming time when specialists will devote their energies to the traffic problem and give proper consideration to the human element.

There are literally thousands of other cities that are heedless of this inchoate economic danger and the Entrekin specifications and the Wise Commission of New Jersey, with their *injunction* to their state policemen, "Speed traffic up—don't stop them unless it is necessary!" are green oases in a barren waste of neglect.



Ewing Galloway

The tall, spotlessly uniformed London Bobby

An assistant professor in history, teaching at a middlewestern university, had the following experience: A traffic officer apparently left his post to go into a corner grocery store to telephone, leaving the traffic signal pointing east and west. The professor drove north, going at a speed of about twenty miles an hour when he came to the corner, where he stopped. After waiting over four minutes—a long time on a crowded boulevard—he crossed the street when it was absolutely devoid of east and west traffic, just as the official appeared. This gentleman promptly blew his whistle and stopped the car half way across. With his foot resting comfortably on the running board he wrote the young professor a ticket for speeding at the rate of forty-five miles an hour. When the professor remonstrated, the official merely grinned and said it would be a lesson to him not to try to put anything over the next time he crossed a boulevard.

Many who have returned from Germany, France, England or other northern countries have had their eyes opened to this essential difference. On the Continent, and in a few of the more farseeing cities of the United States, it is recognized that the traffic officer has an exceedingly important position in the social fabric of the modern city, that he is something more than a truculent watch-dog of public safety.

In Manheim, Germany, traffic police are considered important parts of the economic structure of the city. They are prime movers of traffic, director generals, as it were, of the *Geschäftflusz* through the various segments of the city; they are men appointed to see that the city current runs without obstruction. One official emphatically stressed the fact that Manheim police must always remain courteous and plastic in the confusing, diverging stream of Manheim traffic.

"The traffic police have an extremely important position in the modern city organization," A. L. Dicon, former Assistant Secretary of State of Great Britain, was recently reported to have said in an interview on administrative improvements; "and the function of the traffic officer has grown to such tremendous proportions that very few men actually realize what a vital cog these men are to the successful flow of trade and commerce in our large cities."

The increasing demands of traffic threaten to block up and stop our narrow street arteries. London, Paris, Berlin, Munich and many other Continental cities are, while building and improving their streets, attempting to solve this vexatious problem by developing trained traffic directors, men who are flexible in the stress of the moment, men who have been taught as carefully as traffic division managers of any of our great railroad systems.

"Paris police," according to a former Prefect of Police, "are taught to be diplomats of the highways. They are highly trained experts —those in key positions speaking more than one language—who save their cities and industry many thousands of francs, and increase the respect of our citizens for the law, by expediting traffic with as little trouble as possible."

Our present methods of transumptive control, in the minds of many responsible officials in the United States, are a potent influence for the growing and unfortunate lack of respect which is held by many otherwise worthy citizens for the entire police system of the nation. Municipal governments are more often concerned with the revenue derived from technical offenses than with a method of decreasing traffic-blocking mistakes.

Miller McClintock who has been quoted once before says: "The growth of petty cases has resulted in an unwarranted laxity in the consideration of the more serious offenses and in an undue inconvenience to petty violators."

As a matter of fact, the stalwart

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souls who compose the majority of our city police departments do not seem particularly proud of their metier. Even some of them seem to have a sneaking suspicion that not all of their brave brothers-in-arms conduct themselves continuously in a way that compels respect and admiration. This moral rot in the heart of the men themselves strikes at efficient work.

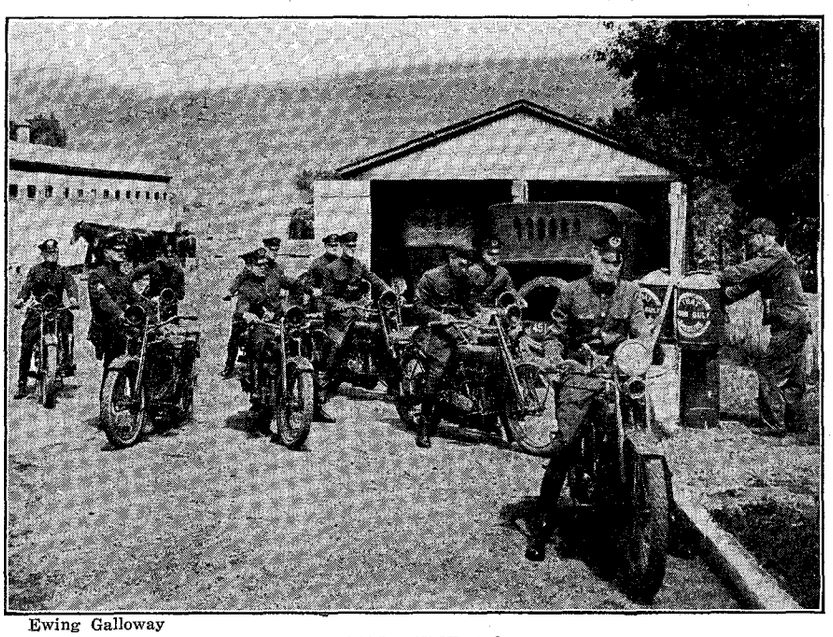
I remember a conversation I had with an American business man living in Berlin that illustrates the economic saving possible with efficient men. "We trust the Polizei here," he said. "They're strict but I find that my business can get our trucks in and out of Berlin in half the time that it would take in a city of equal traffic at home. . . we figure that it saves us nearly 4000 R. M. a year in time saved on cost of truckage alone."

The transit problem is proving a serious obstruction to the natural and logical development of the modern city. Tax reports show that our cities are spending literally billions of dollars every year in a desperate effort to improve traffic flow by the construction of new and enlarged trade channels. Roads, streets, highways, and subways must be considered as channels for the uninterrupted communication and distribution of commerce. Even pleasure traffic basically has commercial significance.

An old friend of mine, whom we shall call John Waking, drove through Des Moines one night about three weeks ago. He drove up Grand Avenue, turned at one of the cross streets and was proceeding to his aunt's home when he heard a whistle. He stopped under a lamp light and noticed that he had passed a policeman half a block down the street who was motioning to him to back up which he did with considerable difficulty and danger on the slippery hill.

The policeman put his head through the window and, to Waking's intense astonishment, asked to be driven down to Thirty-second Street, fully ten blocks out of my friend's way. The policeman's breath was so strong with whiskey that it perfumed the whole car. Waking, who has a rather quick temper, told the policeman flatly and concisely that his car wasn't a public cab and that he had no business in stopping him. Before the man could respond, he slammed the door shut and started the car. Unfortunately at that moment a delivery car shot around the corner and Waking, to save his new car, pulled sharply to the left and ran up on the grass.

Before he could start again the policeman ran up, flung open the car, dragged him out, and accused him of driving while drunk! Waking protested. But the policeman cuffed his ears and then climbed in and told him to drive to the police station. Waking did some quick thinking and reached into his pocket. The policeman smiled. Waking pulled out a five dollar bill. The policeman reached for it. "Not until you get out!" replied Waking, who is a slight man. The policeman turned and opened the door. Waking promptly placed his foot on the exact spot of the officer's anatomy where it would do the most good and pushed. And then he stepped on the accelerator! In the hundreds of cases I have gone through this is the only one I have ever heard of where righteousness triumphed over the traffic muddle!



Ewing Galloway

MAN-HUNTERS
Squad of Pennsylvania State Police

New streets, passes, tubes, and enlarged highway systems swollen with traffic are necessary, but they in themselves are rigid and incapable of proper exploitation without a supervising, unified intelligence at their head. Most traffic engineers agree that experienced men directing traffic with an intimate understanding of the situation and hour-to-hour information of the widely fluctuating stream can increase the utility of the passages from twenty per cent to 40 per cent by intelligent control. No less an authority than Dr. Heinrich Merkle estimates the increase in street conductivity under proper direction as high as fifty per cent.

Perhaps once this important economic factor is realized by business the arrogant methods of the traffic police in its contact with the individual will be halted.

Until that future happy millennium arrives the individual remains rooted in impotent helplessness. The community is dormant and useless. When it is understood that outworn dogmatisms and petty grafts not only cause serious personal injustice but actually choke the almighty development of our commerce, then—and only then—may the means be found at hand in the form of expert traffic engineers to call a halt to waste.

Yesterday two of us stopped on a corner to watch a large policeman, with a sullen face and drooping underlip, direct traffic. The stop lights suddenly clicked and a young man driving a small florist delivery truck, with a small girl at his side, found himself, to his intense embarrassment and dismay, half way across the intersection under a full red light.

The boy looked around intelligently and did the only thing he could do to prevent the street from being blocked—he slipped the gears into low and started to send his car across the remaining distance—when he was halted by a bellow from the outraged policeman, who bore down upon the car with short, stiff-kneed steps, his hands swing-

(Please Turn to Page 275)

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Civilians or Soldiers?

By T. R. YBARRA

NOT LONG AGO one of the best-known statesmen in Europe remarked to me that the necessity for a dictatorship ends when it has eradicated the evils which brought it into existence. Spain, however, proved last month that the dictatorship which superseded the Spanish constitutional government in the autumn of 1923, had outlived its usefulness even before it had succeeded in carrying out the programme of reform with which it sought to justify its advent to power.

When General Primo de Rivera, Marquis de Estella, the Spanish Dictator, the man who brushed the Spanish government aside six years ago made the whole world sit up by resigning last month, he made a tacit confession that the glowing hopes which he dangled before his fellow-countrymen had not been turned into realities. When he became Dictator he announced that he would restore order in the Spanish peninsula, solve various acute political problems and greatly improve the national finances. Yet, when he relinquished power a fortnight ago, Spain was on the brink of revolution, some of the problems which he had tackled remained as unsolved as ever, and Spanish finances were in anything but a healthy condition.

In substance, what Spain said to the Dictator last month was "will you get out now or wait until you are thrown out?" Primo de Rivera got out. Most Spaniards took his fall as calmly as they took his advent to power. They went about their business with that strange blend of aloofness and interest with which Spaniards view politics. "What next?" they asked each other. "Are we to be governed by civilians or soldiers?"

So unpopular had Primo de Rivera's dictatorship become during the months before his downfall that he actually announced as far back as last December that he meant to step down from his position as autocrat of Spain. Later, however, he reconsidered his decision—to the intense dissatisfaction of many Spaniards—and spoke vaguely about dropping the reins only when conditions warranted the transition back to normal governmental conditions. More definite was a programme outlined by him calling for municipal and parliamentary elections between now and next summer. But this concession was not enough to allay the growing hostility to his dictatorship. Beginning with the protests of Unamuno and other "intellectuals," this hostility found expression throughout his tenure of office—until, finally, it reached a climax in the disaffection from the Dictator of the man who had been, despite occasional differences, his staunchest supporter—King Alfonso.

Alfonso's position while Primo de Rivera ran Spain was very difficult. For a goodly part of the time he was—or was generally supposed to be—hand in glove with the Dictator. In proportion as he acquiesced in the latter's actions he alienated those hostile to the dictatorship to such a point that the opinion was freely expressed that the downfall of Primo de Rivera would bring with it the downfall of Alfonso.

Later, as the Dictator's position grew weaker, the King got apprehensive. Why should he bind himself irrevocably to one who was steadily moving toward political eclipse? Gradually Alfonso drew away from the general. The disputes between the two grew more serious; there were several crises which almost ended in open rupture. These, however, were smoothed over and hushed up; each still depended too much on the other to dare stake all on a move so bold as to admit of no retreat. But, everywhere in Spain, Spaniards shook their heads skeptically. To the ranks of those Spaniards—notably Unamuno and his adherents—who never acknowledged that there had been a necessity for dictatorship were now added the growing army of those who believed that, whatever might have been the needs of yesterday, the dictatorship had run its course and must pave the way peacefully for a return to constitutional government. Alarmed at last by the rumblings of revolt, Primo de Rivera appealed to the army, by which he had been brought into power.

"Shall I stay?" he asked.

"No," was the answer. Abandoned by his comrades, cold-shouldered by Alfonso, there was nothing for him to do but resign.

In talking about the Spanish dictatorship which came to an end last month people are prone to compare it with that of Mussolini in Italy; most of them, however, fail to note the great difference between the two régimes.

Brought into power originally by evils of striking similarity, they diverged sharply in the course of their existence. Mussolini, for one thing, proved himself a far stronger and more dominant personality than the Spanish Dictator; he showed far more daring and initiative; and, what is most important of all, he succeeded in inspiring enormous numbers of Italians with a pro-Mussolinism amounting to fanaticism. Yet, even with these advantages, there have been signs of late of cracks in the Mussolinian edifice, of fissures in its seemingly unbreached solidity. This being so in Italy, under the severest dictatorship of modern times, whose head is one of the most forceful personalities of the century, what must the disintegration have been in the Spanish dictatorship, which aroused at best only lukewarm favor among a limited section of the people?

So 1930 BEGAN for General Primo de Rivera with ominous signs in the political skies. The lack of definite programme which had characterized his dictatorship from its outset grew more pronounced. In addition the Spanish peseta proceeded to slip to unprecedented depths of depreciation.

Meanwhile—what of Alfonso?

That is the question which makes the Spanish situation especially interesting to the world beyond Spain's borders. Never classed as a great man, never conspicuous for statesmanship of a truly great kind, Alfonso has succeeded, nevertheless, in impressing himself more forcibly than any other present-day Spaniard upon his contemporaries.

Though Primo de Rivera was the autocrat of Spain for six years he never became vivid or real; though he overshadowed Alfonso politically, he remained dim and wraith-like compared with the monarch he sought to override.

And now the general who seemed to be king has tumbled from power and the king who seemed to be playing second fiddle still sits on the Spanish throne. Will the end of the dictatorship prove to be simply another one of the many crises weathered by the Spanish monarch? Many Spaniards are asking that question; and many—increasingly many—believe that the answer will be given within the next few months.

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Small Beginnings

The Autobiography of an Ex-Thief

By JOHN COFFEY

The human desire to entertain a new sweetheart was the cause of the author's next step in crime. He dependea usually on his skill at pool for his spending money, but at a critical moment he had a run of bad luck. In the emergency he took two dollars from a letter addressed to his employer. This led to more and larger thefts. The next consequence was his first arrest. This is the second instalment of "Thief's Progress"

I DIDN'T want to go to high school another year, but couldn't think how to get out of it. Each time I spoke to my father about getting a job he said there'd be plenty of time to work; that later on I'd be glad to have had the chance he was giving me. I had to pretend to study each evening that he was home, always watching for a chance to go to the church hall and play pool. I became so good a player that the men's society of the parish made me play in games with the men's societies of other parishes. Another boy and I were St. Elizabeth's team. We went through the season without losing a game, winning the championship. Our rooters bet on us and we always received a share of the winnings. Each game was played before a crowd of spectators, and during and after the playing we usually were given a great amount of applause and praise. Each success made me think how some day I'd get a chance to play in tournaments for the world's pool championship; how I'd play before large crowds in all the big cities of the country, be admired by everybody and make a lot of money.

I managed to keep my father thinking, most of the time, that I was studying a lot and making out well at school; although a few times he noticed me sneaking out in the evening and made me stay in.

Many times in the later part of the school term I played hookey, and went to poolrooms where the best pool players usually played. I found that often I could hide among spectators and watch them play. By watching every shot closely I learned many new tricks, which I tried out later until I had mastered them. My playing improved so much that none of the boys at the church hall would bet with me any more. Then I thought of a plan for getting permission to play in public poolrooms. I bought long trousers that were only a little large for me. I'd carry them wrapped up every evening to a public poolroom, and before going in put them on over my short trousers, with the bottoms turned up to the right length. Nearly every night I had good chances to gamble.

The baseball season returned. Along with my new chances to win at gambling it gave me more money than I had ever had. I went to shows and block parties. One night I went to a play given by the parish Dramatic Association in the school auditorium. After it there was a dance. I saw a beautiful girl dancing with a boy I knew well. I asked him where I could learn to dance. He promised to take me to the dancing school where he had learned. The wife of the dancing instructor taught me and I learned in a short time. I went often because the beautiful girl I had seen dancing with my friend went there, too. She danced with me, but because my friend danced better she preferred to dance with him. She seemed to like him better, too. He was taller than I and better-looking, with a straight nose instead of a pug like mine. Whenever both of us were at a block party or a church dance I noticed every one admiring the way he danced and how easy it was for him to get dances with the prettiest girls. But I had more money to spend and often got girls to stay in my company and dance with me. Often, too, I went to a dance when he hadn't money and couldn't go.

Every Saturday night during the summer I went to the public dance hall nearest my home. All the fellows and girls there were grown-up, but I was able to get dances with the short girls. Many of the dances were "moonlight" dances, with the lights off, excepting one behind a black curtain at the end of the hall that had a yellow moon painted on it. In these dances every one held his partner very tightly and danced very slowly, nearly every couple kissing. I found a short girl who had no regular partner and got her to dance most of the moonlight dances with me.

When school opened I knew I'd waste time in going but didn't say so to my father because I felt sure he'd make me go anyhow. I thought it would be better to let him think I wanted to go, so he wouldn't watch as much to see that I'd stay home and study.

One day late in November the assistant rector sent for me. He said my behavior reports had been getting very bad and that my record showed me far behind in some of my studies; that he knew I wasn't trying because up to that time I had been the youngest boy to enter the school and had made a very high mark in the entrance examination. He had decided to watch my behavior and school record and if both didn't improve he'd ask my father to withdraw me from school. I didn't dare let my father find out about my record; I had lied to him so much, making him think I was always high in my class. I stopped fooling and tried to study Latin and Church History—the subjects in which I was deficient. But I wasn't interested in them and spent as little time as possible on them; not letting them keep me from going out at night.

One afternoon early in December, on the way home from school, I had the toes of my right foot run over by the wheel of a truck when I tried to board it. The injury kept me in the house for several weeks. When I was nearly well and soon would have to be returning to school I began answering help wanted ads. An application to an insurance broker brought a reply, asking me to call. I went and was told I could have the job. I told my father and asked him to let me take it, saying I'd like very much to learn the insurance business. He allowed me to take it. I wrote to the high school registrar that I had gone to work and was quitting school.

I felt glad to be free of school. I was sure I could work myself up fast in the insurance business to a job with a big salary. The office manager where I worked had started in as office boy, in

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the job I had. He seemed to have plenty of money, and I noticed that the pretty stenographer was often in the private room with him letting him make love to her.

I gave my wages, four dollars, to my father every week, and out of it he gave me twenty-five cents to spend. My pool winnings each week averaged over ten dollars, sometimes I won that much in one night. Two or three nights a week I went to dances. I fell in love often, each time showing my love by spending my money.

The year passed quickly. At the end of it I received no raise in wages at the office, and decided to look for another job. In a couple of weeks I found another—at twenty dollars a month. I had worked at it a few weeks when I was offered another at less money—$4.50 a week—but, I was told, with great chance for advancement. I took it. I thought my father would be angry if I said I had taken it for less money, so I told him my wages were five dollars instead of $4.50, thinking I could easily add the fifty cents difference out of my pool winnings.

My skill at pool had been increasing steadily, and the same thing happened in the poolrooms near my home that had happened in the church hall: I began finding fewer and harder gambling chances. I tried to change this by going to poolrooms downtown, especially to those in the tenderloin section, where there were the most and biggest gambling opportunities. The best players of the city went there, too, for the same reason; so I had to watch out that I should pick opponents no better than myself. Not many were better but several times I played some who were; or else played poorly, and lost.

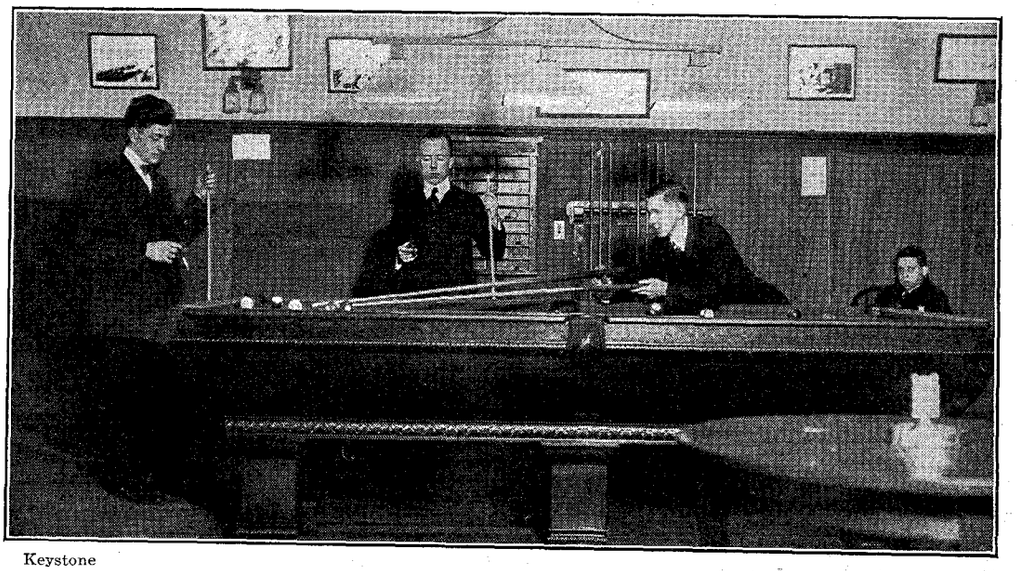
One Saturday I had to play before going home because I lacked the fifty cents I had to add to my wages to give my father the five dollars I had said I was earning. Instead of winning the fifty cents I lost the $4.50. I went home and said I hadn't been paid because the cashier hadn't come to the office and no money could be drawn from the bank without his signature. On the following Saturday I had to give my father ten dollars for the two weeks.

Early one morning my father woke me, took me downstairs and gave me a terrible licking. He had just come home from work and looked through my pockets for a receipted gas bill which I had been supposed to pay on my way to work the morning before. He found the receipt but also found a copy of a poem which a boy had asked me to give another boy. I had started reading it but stopped after the first stanza, because I was very much in love with a girl I had just met and wouldn't let myself think about her in the filthy way the poem would make me if I read it. After putting it in my pocket I had thought of tearing it up, but hadn't done so and then had forgotten it. I didn't remember it while my father was licking me, and couldn't think why he was doing it. My mother stopped him by taking hold of his right arm. Then I saw him take the poem from the table where he had laid it and tear it up, and heard him say: "I'll teach you to bring a thing like this around your mother and sisters." I went back to bed and lay awake all night, feeling I hadn't really deserved the licking; smarting from the welts all over my body made by the thick strap he had used; and hating my father and cursing him under my breath; resolving to leave home if he ever should try to lick me again.

The next three evenings he made me go to bed right after supper. The fourth evening I wanted to play in an easy tournament in the church hall which would bring me about three dollars that I needed badly. I decided not to go home for supper and went to the church hall. When the tournament was half over my father appeared. He took me by the ear and led me home. He got the strap and told me to take my clothes off. My mother started crying. While taking off my clothes I remembered that I had made up my mind not to let him lick me again. When I had almost finished taking my things off I faced my father and said: "I can't stop you from licking me now because you're stronger than I am, but if you touch me once with that strap you'll never see me again. I can make my own living." He stood looking at me without saying anything for a moment, but then said: "Take the rest of those things off." I answered: "I guess you think I don't mean what I've said;" and began putting back on what I had taken off. My father said: "Did you hear me?" My mother began crying harder and said: "Don't, Pa, don't! He'll be a good boy." I began crying a little, thinking of leaving my mother. My father threw the strap on a chair and said: "Well, all right! Have your way. I've tried to do my best for him and it's come to this. I'll not lift a hand after this for or against him, whether he goes to his ruination or not." Then he took his hat and went out, and after several hours came back drunk.

From then on my father made no effort to keep me home at night. Several times when I stayed out late I found the front door locked on my return, but each time my younger sister remained awake to open it for me or came down after my father had gone to bed and left it unlocked; so that practically nothing stopped me from coming and going as I pleased.

The new girl I was in love with seemed to like me a great deal. She



Keystone

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met me and went out with me every time I asked her. My only problem was getting enough money to take her out as much as possible and give her a good time. One night I had a date with her but was broke because I had lost all I had at pool the night before. From the time I woke in the morning of the day of the date I tried to think how to get some money. While sorting the morning mail at the office before taking it around to the different departments and officers, I remembered that most of the letters for the industrial department contained monthly premium payments, many of which were cash. When I had finished the sorting I took several of these letters to the lavatory in the basement, slit each slightly at the side with a pin so that I could see which had cash instead of a check or money order. One had a two-dollar bill. I kept it when delivering the others with the rest of the industrial department mail. Two days later I replaced the two dollars from my pool-winnings, marking the envelope "opened by mistake" before putting it with the other mail. No notice was taken of it, which meant I could do the same thing again whenever it was necessary. I repeated it several times in the following weeks, either when I needed the money for a "date" or for gambling. Each time I replaced what I had taken, usually the next day or two days later. I felt glad at having solved so easily the problem of keeping myself in money.

A MONTH or so later I took two letters, and three days passed before I was able to replace the money from them. I solved this problem by taking money from fresh letters to put into the older ones. This addition to my plan made it work a few more weeks. Then I came to a point when I had so many old letters to send through that I thought they'd be noticed, so I destroyed them. In the weeks following I destroyed most of the letters I took.

A new man came to work in the cashier's office—the department in which I worked. I suspected him of being a detective, so I stopped taking letters during office hours. Also I noticed a man in every poolroom I visited, who several times tried to get into conversation with me and who hinted two or three times that he knew how he and I could "make a lot of dough." I thought he was a detective, too. I arranged with another boy to go to poolrooms with me, to hold my money, and pretend to back me when I gambled. And still needing money I found a way to get letters from the last delivery of mail, which came after five o'clock, when every one in the cashier's office had gone, and which the postman pushed under the grate of the cashier's window. I obtained keys from the vault for an outside door and the cashier's office, and let myself in late at night, making no noise that the watchman might hear. But the thrill I got from fooling the detectives didn't blind me to the risk I took.

I FOUND a new way to get money. One of my duties at the office was to receive drafts which had been drawn against the company by agents to pay policy holders for losses covered by their policies. A person receiving such a draft deposited it at his bank, which sent it to a Philadelphia bank for collection. Every day each Philadelphia bank which was a member of the Clearing House usually presented several of these drafts for collection. I distributed these to the various departments for comparison with the company's records. When each had been marked O.K. they were returned to me and I made out checks for the total due each of the presenting banks; also vouchers detailing the particular drafts each check paid. After having the check signed by the cashier and the treasurer, I gave them to the various bank runners on their return. I saw that doing this work gave me a chance to get money in a new way.

I went to a bank near my home and opened a savings account with one dollar. Then I got a draft blank at the office and made it out to a fictitious name for $86.67—an amount I had often seen on drafts—and signed the name of an agent. Then I indorsed it with the fictitious name and my own and deposited it to my account. A few days later it was presented for payment at the office along with some other drafts. Instead of taking it around with the other drafts I marked it "O.K." myself and then went ahead as though the "O.K." were proper, attaching it with the other drafts to the voucher I made out. This voucher was entered and then filed. I took it from the file and destroyed it.

The following Saturday I was told to take the next two weeks off as vacation. I knew it was a rule to give no vacation to any one not employed a full year, so I decided that they were trying to see if any letters would be taken while I was away. Twice during the two weeks I came down late at night and took letters. At the end of the two weeks I returned to work. On the afternoon of my return one of the men in the office sent me to a cigar store across the street for cigarettes. When I came out of the cigar store the detective who had been following me nights, and an older man I hadn't seen before, took hold of me and told me I was arrested. I was sure they could prove nothing against me and pretended not to know why I should be arrested, asking them why they were doing it. They tried to make me admit I knew why but I kept on pretending not to know.

They took me to the office of the detective agency. There, for several hours, the two heads of the agency questioned me, trying to make me admit I had taken the letters. I continued denying it. Then they showed me reports their detectives had turned in—about my gambling and the amounts of money I had spent. They said they had no intention of prosecuting me, that they only wanted to get the matter entirely cleared up; that they wouldn't even let my parents know anything if I cleared it up for them; but if I didn't they'd send for my father right away and not waste any more time with me.

TO GAIN time to think I repeated I could say nothing that would help them. But thinking how my father, who worked in the postoffice, would feel about my stealing mail, and how badly my mother would feel about it, too, how disappointed they would be when all along they had hoped for so much from me; and how foolishly I had been hurting my own chances for the future—thinking of these things made me decide to admit everything. I told them so. They called in a stenographer to type my confession. I signed it in the presence of an officer of the company, for whom they had telephoned. Then, after taking me to a restaurant and buying me supper, they allowed me to go home. On the way I remembered I hadn't told about forging the draft. I decided not to say anything about it, because they probably wouldn't find out I had done it. I decided, too, not to say anything at home about losing my job; but look for another and after finding it say I had quit the old one. I had twenty dollars left in the bank from the $86.67, and so had enough to

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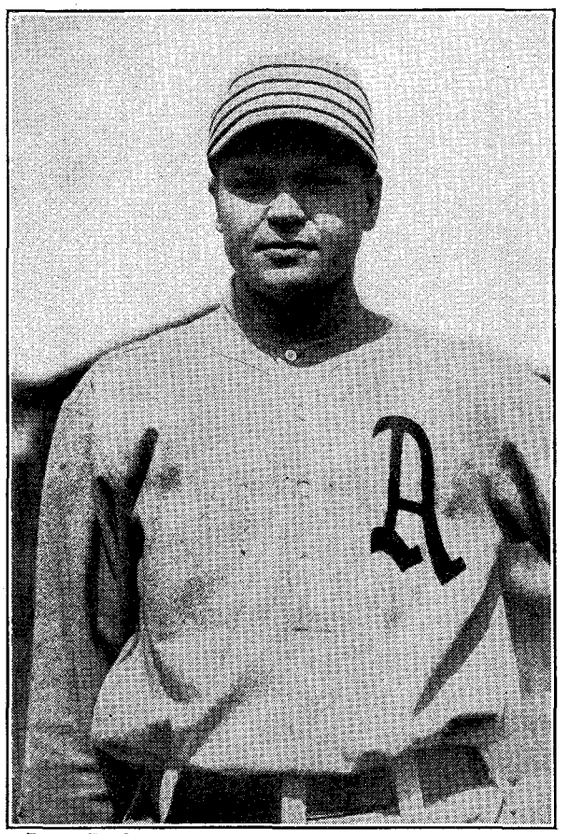
give five dollars at home for a few weeks.

On the next day the Athletics and Chicago Cubs were to play the first game of the World's Series. I drew the twenty dollars from the bank to scalp with. On both the first and second games I made money by scalping and by betting on the Athletics to win. Then I decided to go to Chicago, where the next games were to be played. I decided too late to get a train before the next morning, but packed a suitcase and took it to the station and checked it at the parcel room. I went on the first train in the morning, without saying anything to my parents.

On the train I got into a card game, losing most of my money. I arrived at Union Station in Chicago with $1.05. I spent eighty cents for breakfast and then went to the La Salle Hotel, where I had learned the Athletics were staying, and checked my suitcase there. I knew personally two of the Athletics players—Tommy Atkins, a pitcher, with whom I had played pool, and Amos Strunk, the outfielder, who had always lived in Philadelphia near my home. I also knew a son and a nephew of Connie Mack, the Athletics' manager. I waited in the lobby hoping to see some or all of them, and perhaps get tickets from them which I knew I could sell at an advanced price. While waiting I got talking with a group of Athletics rooters, who thought it was a great thing for me to have come alone from Philadelphia to root for the Athletics. One of them, a Philadelphia boxing promoter named Jack Holland, called me aside and asked how much money I had. When I told him twenty-five cents he gave me five dollars. Then I saw both Atkins and Strunk, and each of them gave me two tickets for the afternoon game. I took the four tickets to another hotel nearby and after staying around a while found a customer who paid me thirty-five dollars for them. In the afternoon, with the forty dollars I had, I went out to the ball grounds and scalped, and made thirteen dollars more. After the game, which I saw, I returned to the La Salle Hotel and engaged a five dollar room, feeling proud of my success and confident of the future. Before going to bed I went around to several poolrooms looking for chances to win some money. The next two days repeated the first, except that I lost five dollars on the Athletics in the next game. The fifth game, won by the Athletics, ended the series. After paying my hotel bill for the three days, I had $120 left.

I decided to stay in Chicago. I engaged board and room with a private family, and applied at several employment agencies for a job. Immediately I got work in the office of a rubber company at nine dollars a week. I felt independent and secure. In a letter home I told where I was, wrote glowingly of my job and how much better Chicago was than Philadelphia. My mother replied that every one was glad to hear from me and that I was getting along all right, but that she and my father thought I was too young to be away from home and hoped I'd come back soon. She said she prayed every day to God and the saints, asking them to take care of me and lead me to do good and avoid evil, to say my prayers and go to mass every Sunday and keep out of bad company.

I was having too good a time to think of going back. When I had been working a week an agency offered me a new job—as ledger clerk for a packing company in the stockyards—at ten dollars a week. I took it because it paid one dollar more than I got from the rubber company. Playing pool gave me additional money every week. The son of my landlady took me to all the poolrooms he knew about, and got me admitted to membership in a Catholic Club where six or seven of the members played pool every night for money. To avoid being kept out of the game I deliberately missed shots many times when they didn't count much, or else made them in a way which appeared lucky. The game usually lasted until two or three o'clock in the morning, when all the players would go to a restaurant, the largest winner of the night paying the check. Nearly every night I paid the check.



Brown Brothers

AMOS STRUNK
Outfielder of the Athletics

Staying out late nights often made me late at the office, for which the manager cautioned me several times. One day when I had had almost no sleep for five nights I went to sleep sitting on my stool, my head falling forward upon the ledger before me and my pen making a line across the page from the figures I had been entering. The manager woke me up and told me I was fired, at the same time advising me to go back home to Philadelphia before I ruined my health by staying out nights and missing sleep. I went home to bed and slept until late the next afternoon, the landlady's daughter coming to waken me in time for supper.

I decided not to look for another job, feeling sure of winning enough in the nightly game at the Catholic Club to pay my board and other expenses; and there were still many poolrooms where I hadn't played and would get many easy games. My success in the following weeks came up to my expectations, giving me plenty of money and allowing me an easy life. Each day I slept as late as I pleased, and did whatever I liked. The landlady's daughter, who was fat but quite pretty, came to my room every day when her mother went shopping, to let me hug and kiss her. Nearly every afternoon I went to a matinee.

But in the two weeks before Christmas I lost much more than I won, and even had to delay once in paying my

(Please Turn to Page 276)

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The Trend of Events

Spain's New Premier

IN 1919, General Damaso Berenguer, Count of Xauen, sat in the Spanish Cabinet as Minister of War. In 1921, as High Commissioner and commander-in-chief of the Spanish troops in Morocco, he stood on the brink of disgrace. In that year the smartly-equipped but corruption-ridden Spanish Army was sorely defeated by a mere handful of tribesmen. During the resultant investigation General Berenguer appeared in none too favorable a light. He was, however, promptly forgiven and, in 1924, was even promoted to the rank of general of cavalry.

Meanwhile, in September 1923, Spain had acquired a Mussolini. In the early days of the Dictatorship, Berenguer's coolness toward Primo de Rivera got him into difficulties which won him a three-month sentence in a fortress near the French border. Once more his troubles proved a doorway to triumphs; in 1926 he was again promoted, this time becoming head of the King's military household and bodyguard. Since then he seems to have won the support of King Alfonso as rapidly as de Rivera lost it, until now, at the age of fifty-seven, he succeeds the latter as Premier. Decidedly, Berenguer has had an up-and-down decade.

Though he and de Rivera have been rivals, the latter, at least in public, has nothing but praise for his successor. Berenguer, the retired Dictator has declared, "is a man of great serenity of judgment, possessed of much discretion and dearly beloved throughout our country." These assets may come in handy. Though the new Ministry is generally assumed to be but a bridge to another, a multitude of vexing details will attend Berenguer's fundamental task of putting the country back on a constitutional basis, reorganizing the political parties, and conducting the elections for a re-established Parliament. His success or failure probably will depend indirectly on the army, always the seat of power in times of national crisis. Directly, it will depend on Alfonso, who now appears to be both King and Dictator, with General Berenguer a figurehead. Soft-voiced, the General is expected to be soft-handed. "I wish," he said, "to impress a policy of tolerance and few reproofs." Exactly where Spain is going is not clear. Apparently the Premier—and through him the King—is feeling his way.

National Anthem

THE HOUSE JUDICIARY COMMITTEE'S hearing on the Star Spangled Banner turned out to be an audition. Two sopranos sang for the Linthicum bill proposing that Francis Scott Key's and John Stafford Smith's familiar words and music be declared our national anthem. Probably most Americans are

Keystone

SPAIN'S NEW PREMIER

Damaso Berenguer, successor to Primo de Rivera

surprised to learn that the song hasn't been our national anthem all along. Yet it hasn't been. We have jumped up and snatched off our hats in response to sounds which mere custom, and not Congress at all, has pronounced officially patriotic. We have tautened memory over words, and vocal cords over high notes, for a song without a government seal to its name.

Moreover, even now there is no little argument about the Star Spangled Banner's acceptance. Five million people, including members of patriotic societies, have petitioned in its favor. So have representatives of women's organizations, wearing bands of blue. It is approved by Representative Linthicum, who comes from the district containing Fort McHenry, the siege of which by the British in 1814 gave Francis Scott Key his inspiration. It is also approved by 5,000 members of the Musicians' Mutual Protective Union and by Captain Walter I. Joyce of the Veterans of Foreign Wars. But a rebellious dissenting wing insists that the song is unsingable. There have even been rumors that bone drys, having heard that the music is that of an old English drinking song, "To Anacreon in Heaven," will mobilize against it.

We take our stand firmly with the patriotic societies, women's organizations, Representative Linthicum, the Musicians' Mutual Protective Union, and Captain Joyce. The Star Spangled Banner is and will continue to be the national anthem in fact, whatever it is officially. We insist, however, that it continue to be sung as usual, with every one coming out boldly on the first few lines and humming the rest. Anglo-American amity being what it is, it would never do to get as far as the third stanza:

> And where is that band who so vauntingly swore
> That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion
> A home and a country should leave us no more?
> Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pollution.

Suppose some marplot had strolled past warbling that third stanza while President Hoover and Premier MacDonald were swinging their legs over the Rapidan.

Blasphemy Law

QUIVERS WHICH MAY precede a fall run through still another symbol of suppression, oppression, repression, and depression in Massachusetts. The Massachusetts anti-blasphemy law is under heavy fire and prophets expect it to topple. Moreover, several of the guns now trained on it are strictly ecclesiastical and, some of them, evangelical. No one came to its defense at a recent legislative hearing, though numbers joined the sally against it, among them a professor from Tufts Theological School, a Methodist minister, and a Unitarian clergyman.

The terms of this statute apply to

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any one who "wilfully blasphemes the holy name of God by denying, cursing, or contumeliously reproaching God, His creation, government, or final judging of the world, or by cursing or contumeliously reproaching Jesus Christ or the Holy Ghost, or by cursing or contumeliously reproaching or exposing to contempt and ridicule the holy word of God contained in the Holy Scriptures." As an illustration of ancient, hellfire-and-brimstone legislation the law deserves to be preserved. The trouble is, it has been preserved on the statute books, obviously no fit place for it, and, worse, has occasionally been dusted off and used.

Some three years ago, while other states rubbed their eyes, it was used against Anthony Bimba, Lithuanian agitator, in Brockton. The case came to nothing, but so did the movement to repeal the statute. About eighteen months ago, the law was similarly used against Dr. Horace M. Kallen, in Boston. Again the case fizzled out, but again the repeal movement did likewise. This time the repealers seem more determined. The several ministers appearing at the legislative hearing attacked the law as obsolete and unenforceable, as invading freedom of speech and of conscience, and as linking Church and State.

Massachusetts citizens, who probably will vote on their state dry law in November, may endorse it. The Watch and Ward Society, now impaled on the spear of criticism, may wiggle off and flourish. The Massachusetts clean-books statute may defy all efforts to amend it. Even the anti-blasphemy law may outlive the current move to repeal it. But with dry law, book law, blasphemy law, and Watch and Ward all on the defensive, civilization in Massachusetts is looking up.

▸▸"Here They Are"

Long before Senator Borah referred to them in a debate on the Philippines, Amos 'n' Andy had become national figures. Heeding complaints from Eastern parents that they could not get the children to bed until Amos 'n' Andy had done their turn, the National Broadcasting Company shifted the fifteen-minute dialogue from eleven to seven every evening. One hundred thousand Westerners promptly protested that they had to shut up shop in the middle of the afternoon or miss out on the affairs of the Fresh Air Taxicab Company of America, Incorpulated. Consequently Freeman F. Gosden and Charles J. Correll now broadcast twice daily, at seven for the benefit of Easterners, at eleven-thirty for those dwelling West of the Mississippi.

Amos 'n' Andy are radio's own. Their fame was born and raised before the microphone. Legend has it that the idea of a radio comic strip originated with Ben McCanna, then promotion manager of the Chicago *Tribune* and its broadcasting station, WGN. On its staff as singers and entertainers were

FRESH AIR TAXICAB CO.
Amos 'n' Andy, radio's favorites, as they appear in blackface

Gosden and Correll, erstwhile hoofers, authors of vaudeville sketches, and directors of amateur shows. With Gosden and Correll, McCanna evolved the characters of Sam 'n' Henry, indigent colored boys. Tried out more than four years ago, the dialogue instantly clicked. In Chicago, Sam 'n' Henry became as well known as the Gumps. In a few months, "the boys" were making phonograph records which they syndicated to other stations six weeks in advance to be released simultaneously with their own broadcasting.

Transferring after two years to WMAQ, the Chicago *News* station, they adopted the names Amos 'n' Andy—the *Tribune* owned the copyright on Sam 'n' Henry. The *News* published a daily newspaper comic strip built around them. At WMAQ a new set of secondary characters was developed and the horsedrawn hack of Sam 'n' Henry became an ancient taxi. When they joined the National Broadcasting Company staff last fall to advertise a toothpaste, Madame Queen, the Kingfish, and others whom they impersonate went with them.

Born in Richmond thirty years ago, Gosden knows something of Negro life, but Correll, ten years older and a native of Peoria, learned about Negroes in minstrel shows. As Andy, Correll is a lazy dreamer, the execution of whose schemes to establish a bank, purchase a typewriter and improve the taxicab business falls largely to Gosden, the high-voiced, hard-working Amos. What humor does not derive from Andy's struggles with his income tax report comes largely from his "regust" at Amos's stupidity. With such simple material, Gosden and Correll have become famous and rich. They are well on the way to join Mutt and Jeff and Krazy Kat in the gallery of American folk-lore.

▸▸*Ileana Engaged*

Count Alexander von Hochberg, second son of the Prince of Pless, appears to be a pleasant enough young German, but the announcement of his engagement to Princess Ileana of Rumania nevertheless comes as a disappointment. The United States had expected better things of Ileana. So, one feels, had her mother, Dowager Queen Marie. It must have been hard for Marie that, when the often and interestingly rumored engagement of her youngest daughter became an actuality, it rated no more than a scant few inches on the inside pages of American newspapers.

Ileana has been a most satisfactory princess. She is lively and up-to-date, twenty-one and pretty. Rumanians note approvingly that she has been head of the Y. W. C. A. and a patroness of the Rumanian gymnastic institute; that she appears on the proper occasions in the national costume, and looking charming, too. Americans, who have been interested in her since her visit to this country in 1926, recall approvingly that she was then said to have fallen in love with a West Point cadet and that she was later reported to have eloped with a young navy lieutenant, her father's aide-de-camp. It was thought that, whatever else her marriage might be,

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Keystone

BETROTHED

Princess Ileana of Rumania announces engagement to Count Alexander von Hochberg

it would not be merely conservative.

The Prince of Wales? The rumor spread and died. King Boris of Bulgaria? Bulgarians do not like Rumanians. The palaces of Europe housed no other bachelor headliners. That should have given Ileana her cue. She should have married outside the nobility, for love (or, if she wished, for money) alone. The world is waiting for a first-rate king's daughter to cast aside her rank and marry a commoner; Ileana was just the one to do it. Had she announced her engagement to a young self-made millionaire, to the West Point cadet, or even to the aide-de-camp, Europe would have fêted her and America would have adored her. And Queen Marie could have run through the press clippings with some satisfaction.

▸▸*Sunshine in the Home*

FREAKISH, sun-worshipping, breech-clouted cults revolving around the ultra-violet ray cannot conceal the fact that there really is something in it. Sane students of ultra-violet radiation can but hope that when the pendulum swings it may not swing out the whole subject. Actually, the value of the ultra-violet ray in the treatment of certain ills was recognized decades before the general public discovered it. Doubtless it will still be recognized decades after many of its present-day champions have forgotten it.

This by way of preface to the prediction by an authority who foresees the time when our homes will be lighted at night with electric lamps emitting not only normal illumination but exactly as much ultra-violet as the sun. The scientist is Dr. M. Luckiesh, director of the General Electric Company's research laboratory at Cleveland.

Though variable, the sun-ray content of ultra-violet is only about one per cent—enough, however, for health. A logical way to look at this is not that sunlight "happens" to contain just the right ingredients for health, but that we have evolved to suit the sun. We require the ultra-violet part of the sun's rays, but not more than enough of it. When the human body gets more than it needs it draws down a curtain just thick enough to screen out the rest. That curtain is tan. If this statement annoys many whose nut-brown coats have cost them endless trouble and expense, it may be added that the tan does certify that the body has at least had enough ultra-violet, and that, anyhow, the coat may be justified aesthetically.

What Dr. Luckiesh and his associates are working to attain is a simple, inexpensive lamp that as nearly as possible will duplicate natural sunlight—so simple a lamp that we may screw it into our fixtures and cease to think of the ultra-violet. Such a lamp is not a pipe-dream. Indeed, it is already here, though not yet in quite such simple form. The present solution consists in maintaining the filament of the lamp at higher temperatures than lamps are presently run at, since higher temperatures mean more ultra-violet; in employing a self-contained mercury vapor arc which still further tends to make the spectrum approximate that of the sun; and in making the bulb of glass transparent to ultra-violet rays, which the present bulbs do not let out even when they are generated.

A little while, then, and artificial sunlight may become as commonplace as artificial heating.

▸▸*The Gran Chaco Again*

SHOTS FIRED in the Gran Chaco have again disturbed the peace of South America. The boundary dispute between Bolivia and Paraguay is still unsettled. When hostilities between the two countries broke out in the latter part of 1928, both the League of Nations and the Pan-American Conference, then meeting in Washington, sought to quell them. Deferring to the United States in its sphere of influence, the League contented itself with reminding Bolivia and Paraguay of their obligations under the Covenant. The United States inspired the appointment of a commission of conciliation and arbitration consisting of representatives of five neutral American nations.

Both Bolivia and Paraguay appear to cherish their quarrel. Their fiery arguments have continued while preparations for a settlement have gone haltingly forward. Which of the two is responsible for the latest frontier skirmish, that on January 16, is problematical. As might have been expected, each has responded to renewed warnings from the League by denying that it started the shooting and insisting that it acted solely in self-defense.

It is not, perhaps, strange that there should be renewed trouble between Bolivia and Paraguay after the settlement of the Tacna-Arica dispute between Chile and Peru. Under that settlement, Bolivia, a land-locked nation with extensive mineral resources seeking world markets, seemed forever denied an outlet to the Pacific. Its only alternative lies in developing a route to the Atlantic down the Paraguay river, which runs through the Gran Chaco. Behind Bolivia's desire to clear up the vagueness of title to these 70,000 miles of disputed Gran Chaco territory —of course to clear it up to her own advantage—there may be the pressure of economic necessity.

Both in the United States and in Europe, statesmen absorbed with the London naval conference would be

BATTLEGROUND

Heavy shaded area shows territory in dispute between Bolivia and Paraguay

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Underwood

ACCUSED ACCUSES

Francis P. Garvan, fighting chairman of the American Chemical Foundation

pleased to see the South American quarrel die down for a while. International disputes, however, follow a logic of their own. Bolivia and Paraguay have both assured the League of their peaceful intentions, but diplomacy will keep at least one eye cocked on the Gran Chaco during the next few weeks.

▸▸*Chemical Warfare*

Accused with A. Mitchell Palmer and others of conspiring to defraud the Government of $5,000,000 when the German-owned Bosch Magneto Company was sold after the War, Francis P. Garvan was not willing to sit back quietly when the case was dismissed by Attorney General Mitchell. Promptly, he launched a counter-attack in the form of a statement summarizing the deposition he had made in preparation for the trial. In it, he brought charges wholesale against the American I. G. Chemical Corporation as a mere subsidiary of the German I. G., against Otto H. Kahn and Paul Warburg as backers of a German attempt to monopolize the dye industry, against Senator Moses as a worker for low tariffs on German dyestuffs, against those almost forgotten worthies, Harry Daugherty and Gaston Means, whom he accuses of building up a fraudulent case to discredit him and his associates.

Mr. Garvan wears the medal of the American Institute of Chemists as well as the Priestly Medal of the American Chemical Society, and his word carries weight among chemists. It carries none at all among those whom he accused; each greeted the assertions with a denial. The truth is obscure and may never be known. If the accuracy of Mr. Garvan's charges that the I. G. sought to influence legislation seemed somewhat confirmed when Herman A. Metz, vice-president of the American I. G., told the Senate Lobby Committee that he had contributed $2000 to the campaign funds of Senator King of Utah, advocate of low tariffs on dyes, his charges of fraud seemed somewhat disproved when the Attorney General of New York declined to investigate his claim that the American I. G. had practised deception in issuing its latest stocks.

What is plain as day is that competition in dyestuffs is bitter. Retiring as Alien Property Custodian after the War, Mr. Garvan became chairman of the American Chemical Foundation, established at President Wilson's suggestion to foster the dye industry in the United States. He has been a doughty, if gloomy, champion of the American industry ever since. It is his belief that the German industry is prepared to throttle American makes of dyes one by one. Mr. Metz, however, points out that the du Ponts not only make quantities of dyes for domestic use but export even to Germany.

Prophets have declared that chemical warfare would be dreadful. Even in peacetime it is none too mild.

▸▸*Letter and Spirit*

Senator Brookhart is at it again. Some one sent him a letter, written on the stationery of the Century Club of New York and signed with initials, charging that gin cocktails are served at that organization's monthly dinners. Scandalized to hear of such goings-on among "the very rich and those high in society," Iowa's pride hoped that Mr. Wickersham, chairman of the Law Enforcement Commission and a member of the club, would soon suggest "how to stop these violations of the liquor law." He does not say what violations he means. Mr. Brookhart still seems to forget that, strictly speaking, the use of liquor is not against the law.

In his recent, much-mooted address Representative Franklin W. Fort of New Jersey declared: "It cannot be too often asserted that the amendment and the Volstead act made unlawful the traffic in liquor—not its use." Thus far, Mr. Fort trod on sound ground. He stepped off it, however, when he added that the home manufacture of light wines had not been prohibited. All people have lost, said Representative Fort, is the right to have some one cater to their wants. "If they want the light wines for which they beg, they may make and drink them to their hearts' content."

Unfortunately for this interpretation, it is illegal for the householder to manufacture fruit juices which are intoxicating in fact, and, however that phrase may be tortured, it is therefore illegal for him to make light wines, which are unquestionably intoxicating in fact. Prohibition Administrator Yellowley of Chicago punctures Mr. Fort's argument by pointing out that "cider made for beverage purposes is supposed to be treated to keep it from working, and grape juice which might become intoxicating wine must be sterilized to keep it law abiding." Senators Sheppard and Borah curtly dismiss Mr. Fort's interpretation as amounting to nullification.

Wide World

STARTS REVERBERATIONS

Franklin W. Fort, author of provocative prohibition address

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Mr. Fort can see only the letter of the law, which permits the use of liquor. Mr. Brookhart can see only its spirit, which prohibits the use of liquor. The Iowa Senator knows full well what bone drys wanted and still want—they want to prevent people from drinking. Hence they are forever suggesting that some one be jailed for doing something against which, as a matter of fact, the law does not apply.

▶▶*Candid Correspondent*

THE INSTITUTIONAL Will Rogers, often overpraised, as often underestimated, did himself proud at the naval conference. Uncommonly amusing, his syndicated paragraphs were, at their best, uncommonly realistic as well. This doubtless explains why they were also uncommonly readable.

Doubt rather than certainty, suspicion rather than confidence, prevailed as the conference opened, and Rogers duly suggested the fact while other correspondents described the pretty speeches. As the King left after his opening-day address, Will declared, "he happened to think, so he sent four men back and they carried the gold throne chair out." The irreverent fancy—a cautious King nervous lest his chair be stolen—pressed the whole atmosphere of the meeting into one short sentence.

None of the delegates, of course, is fooled by his own protestations, and none swallows the protestations of the others, but only Will has given this the prominence it deserves. Only he faithfully reported: "When Mr. Stimson said we will stay here till the world disarms, his wife says 'My Lord!' and the rest of the wives shook hands with me and bid me farewell forever." Only Rogers relayed the words Secretary Stimson uttered after coming from a prolix five-hour meeting: "You go back home, Will, and announce that one of America's muchly advertised talents has been overestimated. We are not the masters of bunk."

While assignment-bound reporters strained their wits to make much out of little or nothing, Rogers reported blandly, and truthfully, "If any American correspondent sends any news home today, he has made it up." When the conference lagged at the takeoff, Will exaggerated but told the essential tale: "Well, the conference met today and appointed a commission to meet tomorrow and appoint a delegation who will eventually appoint a sub-committee to draw up ways and means of finding out what to start with first."

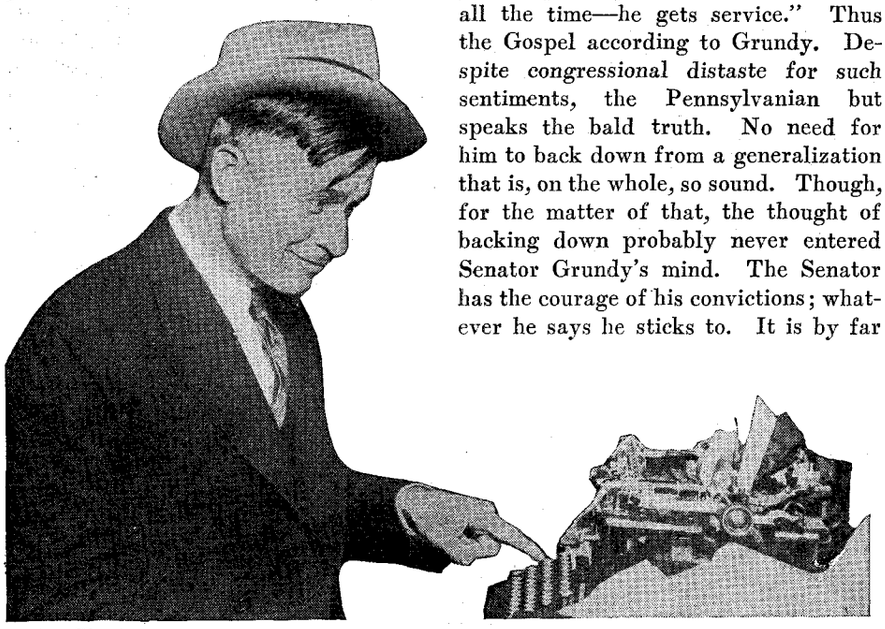
Whoever calls this mere irresponsible jesting cannot have followed developments very closely. Truth is, Rogers day by day got deeper under the surface of the conference than almost any of the other correspondents beating their typewriters in London.

▶▶*Short Cheer for Grundy*

"IN CONGRESS, from my experience, the fellow that makes the most noise and the fellow that makes the most demands, that keeps his problem in front of them all the time—he gets service." Thus the Gospel according to Grundy. Despite congressional distaste for such sentiments, the Pennsylvanian but speaks the bald truth. No need for him to back down from a generalization that is, on the whole, so sound. Though, for the matter of that, the thought of backing down probably never entered Senator Grundy's mind. The Senator has the courage of his convictions; whatever he says he sticks to. It is by far his most likable quality, and whoever believes he has none is mistaken.

The statement on Congress occurred in an address Mr. Grundy made just after the 1928 election before the National Association of Wool Manufacturers at Boston. Mr. Grundy was frankly concerned for the textile business because Mr. Hoover, "while he is a very fine fellow," had never had any experience with tariff legislation. "He never ran for even the office of dog-catcher," said Mr. Grundy. "He doesn't know anything at all, from experience, what legislation means. His mind runs on many other subjects than economic subjects."

It was a bit harsh for insurgent Senators to bait Mr. Grundy with this speech on the floor of the Senate. After all, Mr. Grundy spoke extemporaneously, without weighing his words, without knowing that they would be submitted to the Senate Lobby Committee and published. Many a Senator says things in private he would not dare to say in public. Mr. Grundy might defensibly have squirmed out of his plight by denying the accuracy of the quotations or explaining them away. Instead, he declared that, if such remarks were in the record, he stuck to them. He has taken this attitude before. When the Lobby Committee dared him to name the "backward States" he had previously referred to, he named them. When he was given opportunity to retract indiscreet remarks before that committee, he refused. At a time when political pussyfooting is an art, when, in fact, many political careers are founded on little or nothing else, Mr. Grundy's courage and candor demand their due.



Wide World

GENTLEMAN OF THE PRESS

Will Rogers returns home after reporting opening sessions of naval conference

▶▶*These Thirties*

DOES ANY ONE, watching skirts grow longer, and the popular taste in literature and song grow sentimental, still deny that the Thirties are heading back to romanticism? Let him hark to Edward A. Filene of Boston. Speaking before a boot and shoe manufacturers' convention, Mr. Filene proposed a nation-wide network of footpaths making the countryside safe and inviting for Americans who wish to walk for pleasure. The idea, he frankly admitted, was born of a desire to make the public wear out more shoes, but that is incidental. Again commercialism has its finger on the public pulse.

For obviously these strange, new, soft-spoken Thirties, which already are

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dressing more demurely, reviving Victor Herbert operettas, and rediscovering humanistic doctrines of moderation and restraint—these Thirties will set us to walking again. We will be strolling the fragrant lanes, alert for wild flowers and bird calls. Girls, glowing with new-found femininity, will trail wide-brimmed hats by the ribbons and carry sunshades. Men will carry (three guesses for Mr. Filene) shoe-boxes.

Containing lunch. Slowly but surely the Thirties will revive the picnic. Not the boisterous motor picnic, with elaborate hampers, thermos bottles, and alcohol stoves, but the old-fashioned shoe-box picnic. Just put together a half dozen jelly and peanut butter sandwiches, devil some eggs, stick in apples, oranges, and paper cups—and ho for a day in the woods. Remember? You selected a shady spot near a spring. You filled the cups while she spread the lunch daintily on paper napkins. The eggs did suffer in transit; the sandwich fillings did spread out a bit; but who minded that? Nobody. Not when she was there. Not when there was a chance that going home she might get a stone in her shoe, or turn her ankle—not seriously, but enough for her to require a supporting arm for the rest of the way. . . . Alas, we grow sticky. The Thirties have got us too.

▶▶*Britain Backs Down*

IT APPEARS THAT Great Britain has been overpraised for her eagerness to substitute justice for force. Early last September, the MacDonald Government signed the optional clause which not merely permits, but compels, an adherent to submit to the World Court its legal disputes with other adherents. So doing, it signified its willingness to let the Court pass on Britain's war-time practice of interfering with neutral commerce capable of aiding the enemy.

And so doing, it got itself into trouble at home. Many Britons were loath to let the Court pass on this practice and bluntly said so. Thereupon the Government, hedging, strove to show that this freedom of the seas issue wouldn't, indeed couldn't, be submitted to the Court for settlement. Among members of the league of Nations, it declared, there could be no neutrals in wartime and therefore no protest that the British fleet had violated neutral rights at sea. The reasoning did not prove very impressive. It proved even less impressive when the Labor Ministry admitted that it did not apply to the United States. America, also, might someday adhere to the optional clause and, haling Britain before the Court, ask her to defend her meddling with neutral commerce.

America might, that is, unless Britain, despite her promise, refused to be haled. That, it appears, is possible. The House of Commons has now endorsed Britain's adherence to the optional clause. It has likewise defended the Conservative reservation to keep the actions of the British fleet outside the Court's jurisdiction. But if this reservation was not written, it was plainly spoken. Foreign Minister Henderson has declared that "no one desires to see the Permanent Court become a body for controlling military operations," and has added that "disputes, arising out of warlike operations undertaken by the British Empire in support of the League, would never, in my opinion, be suitable for determination by the Permanent Court of International Justice."

Obviously, Britain is refusing to face the full consequences of her adherence to the optional clause. She agrees to submit to the Court every legal dispute except the most important. The international applause which greeted her signing of the clause last September may have been too hearty.

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Remarkable Remarks

Nobody loves the Volstead Act.—COMMISSIONER JAMES DORAN.

Just as the symphony of an orchestra is beautiful, so is the symphony of Rotary beautiful.—DR. CHARLES A. HAFF.

Experience isn't what you need in [motion] pictures; it's intensity.—FRED NIBLO.

When I meet a man who immediately presents me to his wife, he becomes to my mind only half a person, a sort of social deformity.—RAYMOND DUNCAN.

Being a well dressed man must be almost a career; nobody who goes in for it has time for anything else.—HEYWOOD BROUN.

There are two things I will never understand: one is why it is impossible to fill a straight in the middle and the other is amateur athletics.—JOE WILLIAMS.

Not a single new idea has appeared in American journalism since the dawn of the Twentieth Century.—H. L. MENCKEN.

I do not give interviews because I've nothing really important to say.—A. A. MILNE.

Every male patient between eight and eighty, after ten days association, wants to make love to his nurse.—HERMINE KANE.

Dr Cook is to be released from Leavenworth, but will probably have trouble convincing anybody he was really there.—H. I. PHILLIPS.

▶▶◀◀

▶▶*Gliding*

TWO RECENT EVENTS have brightened prospects for the airplane's stepsister, the glider. First the Lindberghs, within ten days' time, both took, and easily passed, tests for first-class glider pilots' licenses. They become the ninth and tenth holders of motorless flying licenses in the United States. Then Lieutenant Ralph S. Barnaby, the navy's only glider pilot, slid from the keel of the Los Angeles at Lakehurst, demonstrating the practicality of gliders as methods of leaving dirigibles. It is said that the navy dirigibles now under construction at Akron are to be equipped with gliders for landing purposes.

As a means of long-distance transportation, the glider's possibilities are not exciting. The endurance record, held by Lieutenant Dinort, the German, is fourteen hours and forty-five minutes. The American record is six hours and nineteen minutes. A flight of ninety-three miles has been made in Germany. Nevertheless it is quite likely that for sport as a preliminary training for airplane flying the glider will catch on. Being safe and easily mastered, it is a good craft for the amateur. Indeed, so bright are its prospects that the aeronautics branch of the Department of Commerce has looked into the matter of the licensing and identification of this type of plane and an aircraft corporation has predicted that there will be a million licensed glider pilots in the United States by 1935.

Those who remain skeptical of the fundamental theory of the motored airplane may watch with interest the development of the glider, noting specifically the glider carnival to be held over Long Island in April. The glider may never compete with the airplane, any more than the sailboat competes with the motorboat, but, theoretically at least, it does seem more logical to be driven through the sky by air currents than by gasoline engines.

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Back Stage in Washington

WASHINGTON, D. C.

WE ARE ALWAYS of two minds as we observe the new wrinkles in party management introduced by those twin efficiency experts, President Hoover and Claudius H. Huston, Mr. Hoover's personally selected National Chairman from Tennessee. There are times when we think we are watching another "experiment noble in motive" and others when we conclude we are looking on while two inexpert individuals bury the Republican party. Even more important, we find that most of the organization workers, including national committeemen as well as cautious Congressmen and self-seeking office-holders, fear lest the Hoover-Huston reformation, if such it may be called, be headed straight for party disaster in the fall, and probably in 1932.

We understand that Mr. Huston, in all other respects a likable and estimable gentleman, is becoming even more unpopular with the working politicians than William M. Butler was, and that is saying a good deal. For reasons nobody can define, the new chairman has isolated himself in an upper story of a distant office building, and declines to meet political callers from afar who think they have business worthy of his attention. We hear that a certain national committeeman languished in a downtown hotel for several days while trying in vain to see the party boss, and departed for home disgusted. On the plea that state affairs do not concern him, Mr. Huston professes to abstain from active participation even while he removes local leaders from power, promotes Senators into Ambassadors for political reasons, and dictates state candidates and policies such as the nomination of a dry to run against Governor Franklin D. Roosevelt in New York State. Newspaper correspondents, whether they be of the carping or co-operative kind, cannot get to him, and he is fast making many enemies among the press men, as is his "Chief" by his failure to make real news and his habit of slipping stuff to a few favorites. Not since Woodrow Wilson's day have we seen the newspaper boys so sore on an Administration. The Baltimore *Sun*, the Washington *Post*, the New York *World*, and the New York *Times* are in full cry, privately and publicly, against the President's little and loyal group, even though the *Times* lately acceded to the President's strange request that a certain correspondent be withdrawn from assignment to the holy precincts of the White House.

Though it is inexplicable, we think Mr. Hoover is quite unaware of the spirit of animosity which he himself, his secretariat and Mr. Huston have aroused. We begin to hear talk that the three secretaries, more embittered against each other now than ever before, may soon become two, but we place no stock in it. We do know that the President has implicit faith in Mr. Huston, and has almost no other deep-sea adviser. The two confer nearly every afternoon at the close of the day's work, and there is no doubt that between them they are running the G. O. P.—"running it ragged," as irreverent critics suggest. We doubt if they have any confidant except the faithful Larry Richey, whose assignment it is to pull the strings and the wool. We admit that in him they have an able assistant, though we venture that his sleuthing and exercise of delegated domination over certain Government departments and officials may become sensational news ere long.

Cowan in the Boston Evening Transcript

Sacrifices of Public Life

We discover many admirable things in the Hoover-Huston profession of political ideals, and it may be too early to contrast preaching and performance. We liked the warning to Florida Republicans that party success must rest on good government rather than patronage, but we noted that this high standard was forgotten when Pennsylvania and Kansas insisted upon the nomination of two judges described by Attorney General Mitchell as unqualified. There may even be merit in the determination to name none but true believers in prohibition to enforcement posts, but we cannot escape wondering why a "wet" protegé of the powerful J. Henry Roraback, Connecticut National Committeeman, was selected for United States Marshal. So far, we must admit, the era of new and noble Republicanism has not got beyond the proclamation stage.

That has been sufficient to antagonize the politicians, however. To their mind, the Hoover-Huston team is ruining rather than repairing the party. They tell us the Administration has insured the election of a Democratic Senator from Massachusetts, from Rhode Island, and possibly from New Jersey, by dictating the nomination of drys. Even such a desirable public servant as Dwight W. Morrow, we are told, may be driven back to private life unless he breaks with the Administration and campaigns as a modificationist. In short, G. O. P. strategists predict such sweeping gains for the Democrats along the seaboard that the Senate, and possibly the House, may fall into their hands next November. For entirely different reasons, which include dissatisfaction with Mr. Hoover's position on tariff, farm relief and water power, our informants say that the Democrats and Insurgents should carry many western districts and states. On both sides the Administration is beset by critics and soreheads as its first anniversary approaches, with those mighty champions of campaign days—Borah and Brookhart—sorest of all. If we were Mr. Hoover, we would instruct Mr. Huston to throw away his political charts, card index systems and maps. Men rather than machinery, Mr. Huston must learn, make the wheels of politics and government turn.

A. F. C.

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Market Tips: Garden Variety

By WILLIAM O. SCROGGS

There are many varieties of market tips. But most of them, says Mr. Scroggs, have one thing in common; they are valueless or worse than valueless to the average trader

A STOCK-MARKET tip should be carefully distinguished from market advice. The difference between the two is the difference between an impulse or a "hunch" and a reasoned conclusion. A tip cannot be picked to pieces and analyzed; one may take it or leave it, and that is all there is to it. One is likely to hear at almost any time and in any place such a remark as: "They say there's something doing in Hook and Ladder, and it's a good buy." That is the plain garden variety of a tip. If a would-be speculator accepts it he does so on faith; he has no way of going behind the returns.

On the other hand, if this potential buyer of Hook and Ladder learns from his banker or his broker or one of the reputable agencies which supply their clients with investment counsel that this company has had the best year in its history; that it has ploughed back a large surplus in its business; that the outlook for this particular industry is especially good, and that the stock is selling out of line with other issues of similar rating and is therefore attractive both as to yield and to prospects for appreciation, that is not a tip. It is advice, and it is based on statements which any trader of average intelligence can easily verify for himself, if he cares to take the trouble.

The essential difference between a market tip and market advice is this: the adviser does not predict that a certain stock is going up; the tipster does that and nothing else. The adviser analyzes a stock and rates it as good, bad or indifferent in a given condition of the market; the tipster, if disinterested, is often merely a rumor-monger, but if his motives are not disinterested he is something much worse.

There are so many different kinds of stock-market tips that it is hopeless to try to classify them. They range all the way from the counterfeit "inside information" carried in the tipster sheets which used to flourish when the market boom was at its height, to authoritative news which finally reaches the public after a long and circuitous process of oral transmission. In spite of their great variety, most tips, so far as the average trader is concerned, have one thing in common: they are likely to prove valueless, or worse than valueless, when put to the test.

Even when the stock market was booming and to lose money by trading in securities seemed to require something akin to positive genius, many amateur traders were taking losses. And they were not geniuses either. They were merely following tips. Of course, no one can predict how a certain stock will behave in coming weeks, any more than one can predict far ahead as to the weather. Yet by merely closing our eyes and guessing about the weather we shall find that we have guessed right part of the time, because under the laws of chance we are likely to score a certain percentage of hits. No one, so far as this writer knows, has ever made a thorough check-up of the accuracy of the market tips which have come his way. A few partial check-ups have been made, however, and they show that the percentage of accuracy is considerably less than the mathematical probabilities would indicate under a system of plain guessing.

THIS UNDULY large proportion of error is not accidental. There are reasons for it. Let us consider, for instance, the suggestions to traders which were published in the tipster sheets. Investigation has disclosed that some of these publications were used mainly to boost dubious stocks and to exploit the keen appetite for speculation which then gripped the country. The tips carried in these sheets were rarely disinterested, and that explains why their sponsors were usually out of town when post-office inspectors or agents from the District Attorney's office paid their quarters an official visit.

The heyday of the tipster sheet is past. But it was never necessary to go to these for guidance. A visit to a club, lunch with a friend, or a pop-call in a broker's board-room may bring a whole crop of suggestions of things that are a "good buy." At almost any hour of the day or night one is likely to have one or more tips dropped into one's lap. If these were always as good as they sound on the lips of their purveyors there would be many more millionaires in the country than there are to-day.

The amount of trading that is based on nothing better than ordinary tips is much greater than is commonly supposed. As one broker has put it, a lot of men will use more care and judgment in buying a two-dollar shirt than they will in placing an order for several thousand dollars' worth of stock. They hear some one say that a certain stock has been quite strong of late and is due to go higher. So they buy, hoping that all will go as predicted, and soon learn that they have succeeded merely in getting in at the top.

It should not be inferred from this that all tips are inherently bad or put out with evil intent. Many tips which finally reach the so-called outside public were originally excellent. The trouble with them is that they reach the outsiders too late. By the time they become public property they have grown stale. Let us assume, for example, that a group of professional operators have formed a pool in a certain stock. Its price begins to climb. By the time it has advanced ten or fifteen points it begins to attract attention from the outsiders, and rumors begin to circulate. The pool has now ceased to add to its holdings and is only interested in seeing the price go still higher in order to sell at a profit. It is now definitely to its advantage to spread the news that a big pool is behind the stock. The tip spreads, and the small traders come in and buy, while the pool begins to distribute its holdings and take its profits. The little fellows have come in too late. The price weakens, but they hold on in hope of a rally which never comes. They are the victims of what, for want of a better term, we may call the "psychological lag."

The value of a tip depends on the directness with which it comes to a prospective buyer from an authoritative source. If he has an uncle or a brother-in-law on the inside of a big market deal he may accept tips from such quarters with confidence, but if he must rely on board-room gossip he would do well to shun tips and either investigate carefully for himself or seek counsel from those on whose word he can rely or, still better, do both.

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The Yankee Invasion

By MARVIN M. BLACK

The author has been taking stock of our commercial and financial relations with South America. It would seem that there is no longer any need to worry about our ability to get a share of business below the equator and there-about. Mr. Black is a frequent contributor to the magazines

MAN has pressed westward for centuries. But today, the barrier of the Pacific has been reached; builders of empires, developers of vast, untouched resources are turning far south in their search for new conquests. Their eyes are upon South America, land of limitless possibilities.

Already a vast army of Yankee business men and manufacturers has swooped down upon this vast land and threatens to overrun the people with their modern methods and their varied wares. South Americans are rapidly adopting the United States idea of rapid communication, highway building, motor cars, office buildings, habits of dress, electric signs, and chewing gum. Youths of South American countries are being developed by outdoor sports, Hollywood talkies are teaching South American women our styles, customs, and languages. Tremendous increases in the volume of trade with South America are based upon the desire of South American business men to broaden their contacts with the United States, and to profit by the experiences of our leading business houses.

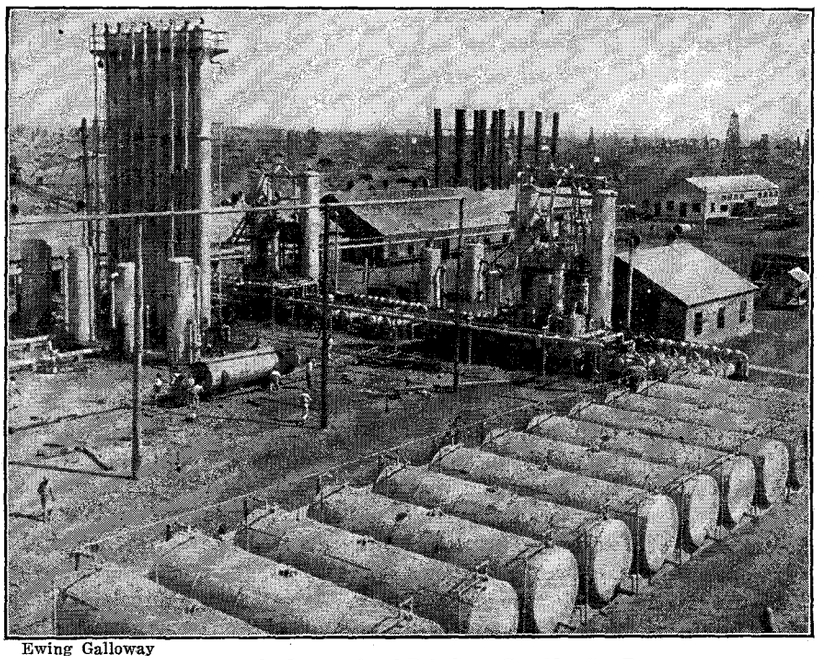
The rapid economic development of South America since the War has taken place largely through extensive loans from the United States. South American bonds sold in this country since 1921 amount to more than two billion dollars. There is hardly a large bank in New York which does not have branches in leading South American cities to finance local enterprises with the aid of American capital. Huge investments by copper, oil, beef packers, Bethlehem Steel, and the United Fruit Company illustrate the steady trend toward the "Yankeefication" of South America.

South America accounted for ninety-three per cent of all loans publicly floated in this country last year from Latin American countries. Nine principal Latin American cities entered the market for American funds. Chile borrowed heavily for her railway refunding loan; the issues of Rio de Janeiro and the State of Rio Grande do Sul accounted for a large part of the loans to Brazil. Colombia has borrowed more constantly than any other Latin American country, her loans rising from $28,000,000 in 1926 to $70,000,000 in 1928. With these vast sums the provinces and municipalities have been building highways and public improvements.

The inadequacy of transportation makes this the most promising field of invasion for American capital and ingenuity. There is only one transcontinental railway line along the whole 6,000 miles of the South American continent from Valparaiso to Buenos Aires. With the building of highways by American engineers, it will afford great sport to American automobile manufacturers to reveal to our Latin American neighbors the joys of whizzing down the mountainside in high-powered motor cars. Already, American airplane manufacturers look with longing eyes on the chance to transport passengers and freight across the deep ravines, rocks and crags which make through railways practically impossible.

Brazil, though still largely agricultural, thanks to American capital, American machinery, and American engineering skill, is steadily becoming industrialized. Henry Ford, anticipating the coming demand for automobiles and tires, has a 2,500 square mile concession on the east shore of Tapoz, where he is developing his great rubber plantations. General Motors has a Chevrolet plant which assembles 2,000 cars a month, and pays an annual wage bill of $12,000,000. The Corn Products Refining Company is building a large corn-grinding plant in Brazil which will consume 300,000 bushels a year. American power and light, and communications companies likewise are in the field. Brazilian communications are being modeled closely after our system, while in Rio de Janeiro, female employees have been introduced into telephone and telegraph service. Graphs of service, as in the United States, show an increasing upward trend.

The United States is Brazil's best customer. In turn, we furnish an increasingly large number of American products such as hides, skins, wheat flour, barbed wire, motion pictures, automobiles, and petroleum products. About ninety per cent of her petroleum imports and ninety-five per cent of the movie films and automobiles come from American manufacturers, while our electric, freight, and mining cars are in great demand. In the State of Sao



Ewing Galloway

Refinery of the International Petroleum Co., Negritos, Peru

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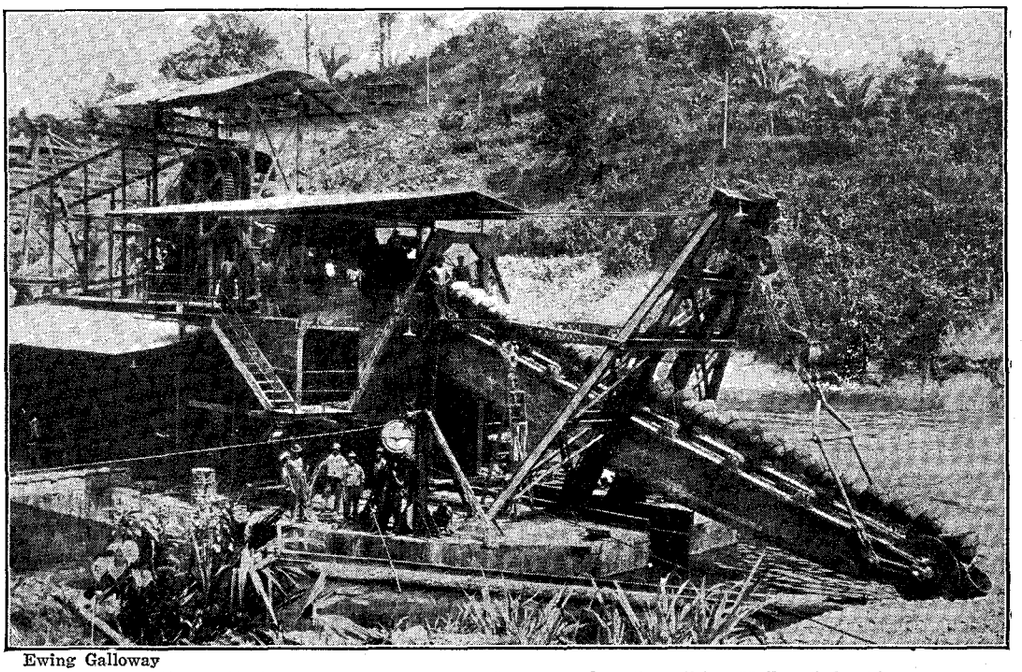
Paulo, the number of light American buses operated by American traction companies is increasing more rapidly than in any other section of the country.

Argentina has more economic interests with the United States than any other country in South America. Her pastoral, and agricultural problems are much like those of our West years ago: the apportionment of public lands, the need of transportation facilities, homesteads, and division of agriculture. Just now beginning to awake industrially, Argentina lacks the necessary type of labor to construct highways and build factories without outside aid. A large number of North Americans attracted by the breaking up of large estates into homesteads, are flocking to this country.



Ewing Galloway

American Platinum and Gold Dredging Company, San Juan River Valley, Colombia

The products and industries of Argentina are strikingly like ours. American participation in meat-packing is predominant. In Buenos Aires and La Plata, several large packing and refining plants are owned by Swift, Armour, and other American companies. The fact that transportation is one of Argentina's vital needs makes her an attractive market for American automobiles, while her agricultural needs call for large quantities of American farm implements and other accessories. Our major export items are automobiles, gasoline, and oil. Buenos Aires already is full almost to the saturation point with Chevrolets, Cadillacs, Fords, Chryslers, Buicks, and other American makes.

We not only supply nearly all the Argentine's automobiles and trucks, ninety per cent of her mining equipment, but also large quantities of movie films and production machinery. A strong financial bond likewise unites us. Investors in the United States have bought bonds and securities totalling a half billion dollars. Vast amounts have been advanced to private enterprise for railroad construction, telephones, and other purposes. And on top of that, the American flag flies over the ships that carry most of the American-made goods that flood the country.

Chile is perhaps the most modern of all South American countries. Here excitement and enterprise, stimulated by the Cordilleras, have spurred the Chileans on to such feverish activities that they are styled the "Yankees of South America." The industrial development of Chile is proceeding at a rapid pace. Already, the Chilean Government has extensive plans toward the rationalization of industry, patterned after the methods of successful Yankee enterprise. Standardization, mass production, efficiency methods—all are receiving careful study. This process of rationalization is in full swing in the American Shoe Factory, and the Fabrica de Conservos at Santiago, while a number of canned goods factories likewise are taking it up. The Chileans are thus working consciously toward that brand of prosperity which is the pride and joy of their Yankee neighbors.

Huge investments of Yankee capital are likewise changing the complexion of Chile. The phenomenal development of the copper industry has been due to the efforts of the Guggenheims. Our financial interest in the country is around $350,000,000, about ninety dollars for each inhabitant of the land. American interests are entering the nitrate field, long Chile's main industry. An American mining company controls the Chilean Nitrate Company at Caza-Norte; a new process of refining nitrates, developed by American engineers, is now in operation. Iron ore for the steel plant at Corral of Compania Electro Sidurgica e Industrial de Valdivia is supplied by the Bethlehem Chile Iron Mines Company at Tofo, in north Chile. The J. G. White Engineering Company is back of a project, backed by Yankee capital, to build a hydro-electric plant which will supply power to Valdivia and its proposed steel plant.

Chile is not only a good market for our industrial machinery, mining equipment, but also an important purchaser of American rubber goods: automobile tires, rubber foot-wear, and rubber belting for her factories. Like other South American countries, Chile is a large purchaser of American automobiles; the ubiquitous Ford and General Motors cars, Hudsons, Oldsmobiles, etc. infest the highways, by-ways, and hedges. Henry Ford, through his assembling plant at Santiago, furnishes sixty per cent of all automobiles and trucks. The musical tastes of the Chileans are amply satisfied by the Victor Talking Machine Company, which has a manufacturing plant in Santiago. Not to be outdone by America, the Chileans can satisfy their morbid tastes for literature through the tabloids that flourish throughout the country.

The title of "Yankees of South America" is indicative of the Chilean initiative and eagerness for the new. They had the first railway system on the continent; they were the first to establish a Stock Exchange; the first to build and equip factories for the needs of modern business; the first to organize and equip a well-drilled army; and the first to introduce the tabloid to their

(Please Turn to Page 278)

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The Leisure Arts

Speaking of Books — The Theatre — The Movies

Portraits of Women

GAMALIEL BRADFORD has written brilliant and penetrating studies of men—especially of American men—which are among the finest biographical writings of today. His collection of essays on women, *Daughters of Eve* (Houghton, Mifflin, $3.50), is a disappointment. It appears that like the good New Englander that he is, Bradford is not at home with Eve's daughters. The subjects of his brief analytic essays offer vast possibilities. There is a good deal to say about Ninon de Lenclos, Madame de Maintenon, Julie de Lespinasse, Madame Guyon, Catherine the Great, George Sand and Sarah Bernhardt. But Bradford has not said much of it, nor that much with any particular distinction. He is not the painter, *par excellence,* of women. If his portrait of a lady were designed to be carried abroad by an ambassador to win lovers and friends for its subject, he would not be employed a second time. His women are given minute and accurate analysis but they are not made to live on his canvas. He commends the moral courage of his adventurous ladies but he does not make it convincing. One recognizes the acuteness of his observation, accepts his speculations upon the mental make-up of his subjects, agrees that Catherine of Russia was gay and energetic, that Bernhardt was an intrepid exhibitionist, that Madame de Maintenon longed to dominate and save souls. One admires the hardness of Bradford's mind, the clarity of his expression, his dry wit, the orderly force of his style. But *Daughters of Eve* is his least interesting book. As might be expected, he has been most successful with Mme. de Maintenon, "Eve as Dove and Serpent," and with George Sand, "Eve and the Pen," and least so with Ninon de Lenclos and Julie de Lespinasse.

Bradford's methods have been studied with profit by Winifred King Rugg whose *Unafraid* (Houghton, Mifflin, $3.50) is a biography of Anne Hutchinson—"New England Jezebel," "Servant of God," "Joan of Arc," "Instrument of Satan." But she has not mastered the machinery of his fine, fluent style. Her analysis of the motives of this Puritan woman who acquired so many and such various sobriquets is extremely careful and convincing. Her recreations of scene and dialogue (used, no doubt, in a half-hearted and misguided attempt to give her book some look of fictionalized biography), are juvenile and forced. Mrs. Rugg seems to feel that Anne Hutchinson was a modern-minded woman in revolt against the "man-made world" of the Puritan. To this reviewer she is the eternal woman-on-the-soap-box. In love with a preacher and subliminating her emotion in true Freudian fashion, she dragged her husband and children to the Boston colony in the service of God. There she talked the colony into terrible controversy. Energetic, dynamic and brave, she was concerned in constant religious and political fights and was finally tried for heresy and banished—for the sake of the peace, one imagines. In a community of emotional people with little outlet for emotion and insufficient mental stimulus, her ideas, to which busier and less turbulent men would have paid little heed, became mountains of significance. In Rhode Island, she fared little better, and talked her followers into disruption and dismay. And the massacre of herself and her family by Indians put a tragic and footless period to a life which, to us of this day, seems much ado about nothing. *Unafraid* is an interesting, readable book, but not a book of any particular importance.

Quite another thing is *Three Women,* by H. E. Wortham (Little, Brown, $3.50). This book has given the reviewer five hours of pure pleasure and no one who enjoys brilliant critical biography should miss it. Each of the women of whom Mr. Wortham writes, St. Theresa, Madame de Choiseul and Mrs. Eddy, epitomizes her period and race, each had qualities which made her great in her own day and which continue to fire the imaginations of men: and each acknowledged with her whole soul the supreme power of love. St. Theresa was Spanish Catholicism, mystic and indomitable, embracing the ideal and making it actual. Madame de Choiseul was aristocratic France, making the actual the ideal. And Mrs. Eddy is Anglo-Saxon protestantism, denying the actual. Mr. Wortham calls his book a study in Feminism. Accepting one definition of that word, one finds St. Theresa and Mrs. Eddy feminists. St. Theresa was the Bride of Christ; but she played a dominating and dictatorial male rôle (the effectiveness of which was, it is true, enhanced by feminine tactics) in her enormous dealings with the world. She called upon her followers to dare "with holy boldness" and admonished them "not to be women in anything but valiant and brave men." She had one of the most astute brains of her time but its salient qualities were not especially masculine. Her mind was "sensitive and observant rather than speculative. Her mysticism drove her to almost incredible activity but it

Woodcut by Lucinda Wakefield in Alice Beal Parson's novel, "John Merrill's Pleasant Life" (Dutton)

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was the activity of the administrator and the stateswoman, not of the thinker." Madame de Choiseul, in a corrupt and bored society in which "men and women cultivated the head at the expense of the heart," lived a life of supreme devotion to her ideal of human love. She was a "saint of the salon." Her story, familiar enough, is made glowing in Mr. Wortham's pages. He says of her that "Perfection itself could not have fashioned a nobler model of a woman," a phrase which cannot be made to apply to either of his other subjects. Writing of Mrs. Eddy, Mr. Worthman has compressed into a hundred pages significant substance as considerable as that which other biographers have given in detail. Writing from a special point of view, he has not wasted time over the psychic peculiarities of the New England leader. Nor did he do so in the not dissimilar case of the Spanish saint. He is especially interested in Mrs. Eddy as "the most successful propagandist of feminism in modern times," and in support of that claim he says, "If the Christian Scientists address the Almighty as Father-Mother God, their belief that the final revelation, as adumbrated in the Apocalypse, has been granted to a woman is in keeping with the tendency of Anglo-Saxon civilization to place the male in a position of inferiority to the female."

It is inevitable that Mr. Wortham's book should remind many readers of *Eminent Victorians*. It is equally fascinating. But, although marked by brilliance and precision of style, by wit as well as profundity, by searching character analysis and graphic description, and by its author's perfect emotional detachment, Mr. Wortham's work is definitely warmer in tone than Strachey's.

FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS.

The Week's Reading

WHEN the first volume of Rupert Hughes's *George Washington* appeared a few years ago, there was a great outcry against his attitude toward the mythological Washington, the demigod. He had dared to make a divinity into a man, human, full of error as of truth. To the reviewer who takes up the third volume, *George Washington, the Savior of the States* (Morrow, $5), without having read the previous ones, the charge of iconoclasm is incomprehensible. In covering the desperate period of 1777-1781, the last years of the Revolution, Hughes brings out the genius, the dimensions of his hero all the more clearly because he treats him as a human being and because he does not whitewash his background or his associates. These revolutionary ancestors of ours were a low crew. British generals and French adventurers appear in striking contrast to the *patriots*. Washington and a few other men stand out as men indeed, men surrounded, often almost overwhelmed by incompetents, cowards, niggards and grafters. Like the previous volumes, the third is close and compact, carefully documented and microscopic in its detail. Perhaps there is too much quotation from letters, reports and papers to suit the popular taste, but the style is vivid and dramatic, and the material and the hero endlessly fascinating. Hughes is no Strachey but he is a popular historian of the highest type. Detached and keen, he impresses more by those qualities, and by his patience and thoroughness, than by brilliance. His Washington is on the way toward becoming a standard biographical work.

There are two tragedies in Professor O. E. Rölvaag's new novel, *Pure Gold* (Harpers, $2.50)—one the immediate personal catastrophe of Lars and Lizzie Houglum, explicitly and unrelentingly revealed by the author; the second, implicit, but even more moving, is the doom of the Land, Kindly Mother Earth as we are wont to call her fatuously, upon those who try to wrest their daily bread from her. Avarice, soul-and-body-starving avarice, is the besetting sin of the farmer. Always waging a grim battle for existence, denials and deprivations early become ends in themselves and hoarding seems the fairest of all the virtues. How often in a farming community one hears a well-meaning young wife condemned by the popular dictum "She is not saving." Not to be "saving" means that her farmer husband will not only never be rich or influential—a man of substance—but that he will be an utter failure and probably homeless. This enforced grasping and holding bites deep into the soul of the farm-bred man or woman. Beneath the appalling wreck of amiable Lars Houglum's life, with all his simple aspirations swept away by the flame—like greed of his wife's thoroughly mean nature, even as she burned their house to ashes, there is the ancient tragedy of farm life—its meagreness, isolation, suspicion, its monotony, cruel toil and rare fulfillment.

Professor Rölvaag, one of the most interesting literary phenomena of our day, progresses unerringly toward his objective. There is something better than realism in his work—he has found within his breast that "crucible" wherein, according to Benedetto Croce, "the certain is converted into the true." Like many of the great Scandinavians, Rölvaag has genuine moral force and he has also that understanding of lives lived close to the soil, which is the essence of Hamsun's genius.

Swiftly and simply, with over-whelming effectiveness, in *The Revolt of the Fishermen* (translated from the German by Margaret Goldsmith, Longmans, $2.00), Anna Seghers tells the grim story of Men Who Must Work and Women Who Weep. The courage, stoicism, and hopelessness of the fishermen, setting sail again after the failure

The Most Discussed Books

THIS SELECTION is compiled from the lists of the ten best-selling volumes sent us by wire from the following bookshops each week:

BRENTANO'S, *New York;* SCRANTOMS, INC., *Rochester;* KORNER & WOOD, *Cleveland;* SCRUGGS, VANDERVOORT & BARNEY, *St Louis;* KENDRICK BELLAMY CO., *Denver;* TEOLIN PILLOT CO., *Houston;* PAUL ELDER & CO., *San Francisco;* NORMAN REMINGTON CO., *Baltimore;* EMERY BIRD THAYER, *Kansas City;* MILLER'S BOOK STORE, *Atlanta.* BULLOCK'S, *Los Angeles;* MARSHALL FIELD & CO., *Chicago;* STEWART KIDD, *Cincinnati;* J. K. GILL, CO., *Portland, Oregon.*

Fiction

Coronet, by Manuel Komroff: Coward-McCann. A philosophical romance of the fall of aristocracy, beginning in Sixteenth Century Florence and ending in present-day Chicago. Full of color and vigor. Reviewed January 8.

All Our Yesterdays, by H. M. Tomlinson: Harper. One of the most profound of war books, and a noble piece of English prose. Reviewed January 8.

The Hidden City, by Philip Gibbs: Doubleday, Doran. Novel of London as seen by the young doctor through his curious patients.

The Million Pound Deposit, by E. Phillips Oppenheim: Little, Brown. The "King of Story-tellers" up to his usual form in his 109th novel about respectable and unscrupulous criminals. Reviewed January 15.

Blood Royal, by Dornford Yates: Minton, Balch. Romance de luxe. Royal abductions and plenty of fighting. Reviewed January 1.

Non-Fiction

The Tragic Era, by Claude Bowers: Houghton, Mifflin. A vigorous, careful and dramatic study of the reconstruction period. Reviewed September 11.

Is Sex Necessary, by James Thurber: Harper. The season's laugh hit; droll and bright.

Richelieu, by Hilaire Belloc: Lippincott. A brilliant historical essay, with an interesting comparison of Bismarck to Richelieu. Reviewed November 20.

New Worlds to Conquer, by Richard Halliburton: Bobbs, Merrill. Daring adventures dramatically told for the rocking-chair traveller. Reviewed December 25.

Franklin, the Apostle of Modern Times, by Bernard Fay: Little, Brown. An intelligent Frenchman's portrait of the father of the American business man. Reviewed January 1.

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of their strike, nothing ahead of them but toil and bitter cold, the menace of the sea, their lives stripped of everything but the bare, unlovely essentials at best—at worst the specter of starvation among them—could scarcely have been presented more powerfully. The strike is the dark pattern into which are drawn the separate threads, the poignant stories of the boy Andreas and the prostitute Mary. With the death of Andreas the tragic keynote of the book is struck. "Andreas had known everything, his mother's death, the sea and comradeship, Mary's brown arms round his body, what else could life hold for him, what was there left for him to expect, to look forward to?"

This book, which must be considered a masterpiece, won the Kleist Prize for 1929.

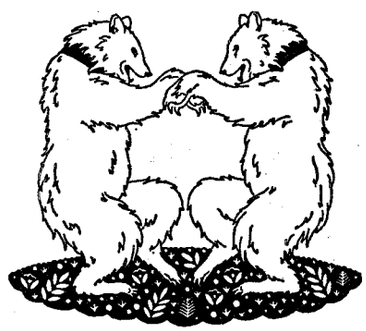
In *Firedamp* by Amelie Rives (Stokes $2.50) we have Lord Glyndon as a fiery old devil who makes life almost unbearable for his wife and younger son Victor who he suspects is the product of an adulterous connection. Robert, the older son, unfortunately dies of malignant cancer and the father, faced with the prospect of leaving his estate to an illegitimate heir, cruelly blurts out the truth. The revelation of the painful truth has been maliciously timed by Lord Glyndon so that it would blight Victor's marriage with the lovely Blair Carey of Virginia.

The old man is stricken with apoplexy and dies just as he is intending to climax his life-long series of misdeeds with the final brutality of broadcasting Victor's illegitimacy. The magnanimity of the first cousin Ronny, to whom the fortune should be rightfully entailed, spares Victor and his mother from the obloquy which would destroy both their lives as well as the happiness of Blair.

The characterization, the dialogue and the descriptions in this novel are so perfect that the plot almost seems secondary. The saint-like mother, who was almost driven into her only happy love-affair by the flippant debauchery of her husband, who is drawn as a creature of incredibly consummate cruelty, the efficient cousin Ted who conceals under her mannish exterior the thwarted love which makes her remain single for life; the picture of that malignant flower cancer burgeoning away in the life core of the older brother—all of these stick vividly in the memory. The high level of culture which the more intelligent characters display bespeaks the cultivation and good taste of the author. It is a pleasure to come across characters that one would actually like to talk to, excepting, of course, the hideous old lord who is even more malignant than the cancer which kills his son.

Ethel M. Dell has written *Altar of Honour* (Putnam $2.00) which, singularly enough, has almost the same theme as Miss Rives'. Charmaine, the heroine, leads a tortured childhood, compelled by her half-sister to expiate the infidelity of her mother of which she is the product. Her mother, threatened with exposure by the cruel half-sister, ends her life in Dellesque fashion by jumping her horse off a cliff. The only redeeming friendship of her childhood with an adventurous boy Rorty is terminated by an unmerciful beating from her half-sister which almost breaks her spirit.

Her next older sister brings her into society where she flowers out and procures an excellent "catch" whom, though she likes, she marries only to save herself from her miserable home. Her childhood lover, Rorty, of whom she has lost track, happens, by the long arm of coincidence, to be sojourning at a neighboring estate. Meeting him accidently at night shortly after her marriage of convenience the wild strain in her blood flares up and her grateful remembrance of her only childhood friendship causes her to yield to him.



Drawn by Frank McIntosh for "Magic Gold" by Marion Florence Lansing (Little, Brown)

The semi-tragic denouement is not very convincing. Miss Dell's work has a sketchiness which has all the earmarks of hasty composition, or else it is a constitutional incapacity for versimilitude which makes her characters seem so vapid and insignificant. With almost the same plot as Miss Rives', her novel falls infinitely flatter, proving that it is not the story but the story-teller that counts.

Behind the Blurbs

TWO NEW BIOGRAPHIES scheduled by Macmillan for spring are Florence Emily Hardy's *The Later Years of Thomas Hardy,* which finishes the story begun in *The Early Life of Thomas Hardy;* and Owen Wister's *My Friendship with Roosevelt.* ♣ ♣ ♣ The Business Book League selects for Feb. Joseph H. Appel's *The Business Life of John Wanamaker.* And The Scientific Book Club gives its accolade to Floyd L. Darrow's *The New World of Physical Discovery,* which tells popularly the story of new developments in physics. ♣ ♣ ♣ Sigrid Undset's *Kristin Lavransdatter* will delight, in Feb., the hearts of the members of the Book Society of England. This author is now at work on a novel of contemporary life, which will be pub. here in due season by Knopf. ♣ ♣ ♣ Appleton will presently bring out a new, one-vol. ed. of David Graham Phillips's *Susan Lenox,* which caused a great deal of discussion when first pub. in 1917. ♣ ♣ ♣ The first year's program of The Brown House, a new firm which will bring out beautifully printed books in limited editions, includes three books illustrated by Alexander King: *Salammbo, Tom Jones* and *The Brothers Karamazov.* ♣ ♣ ♣ The scene of *The Near and the Far*[1] is 16th Century India—but that is of no importance, for it is not a historical novel, and is wholly modern in spirit and treatment. The period was chosen deliberately by the author in an effort to escape from the topical, from undesired associations, and thus "enough and not too much is at once outlined on the canvas." It is a finely written novel, very close in texture—the story of the Rajah Amar, who wishes to leave the world and become a Buddhist monk, of his Christian wife, Sita, and of Hari Khan, his brother-in-law, who becomes involved in the plots centering about Salim and Daniyal, sons of the Mogul Emperor, Akbar, and rivals for the throne. Both plot and characters are interesting, and in the handling of them there is delicacy and sureness. Mr. Myers neither fumbles nor gropes. You leave the book with the feeling that he has as nearly accomplished what he set out to do as any artist ever does. The story will be continued in another vol. —*The Root and the Flower*—next year. ♣ ♣ ♣ The gallant story of a losing fight is told in *Commando*[2], which chronicles the adventures and hardships of a son of a former Transvaal president, who fought through the entire Boer War. Interesting, not only as a tale of adventure, but as a contrast with the flood of books on the Great War now submerging us. The Boer armies were scarcely "troops" at all, in the Great War sense, but groups of individuals who fought now under one commander, now under another, as the fancy pleased them. The story of the

1. By L. H. Myers: Harcourt $2.50.
2. By Deneys Reitz: Boni Paper Books.

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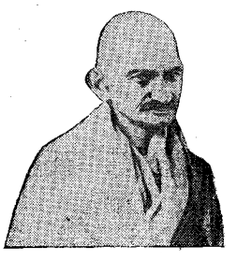
long ride from the Orange Free State to the Cape, through a country swarming with the enemy, is magnificent. ♣ ♣ ♣ Again the star reporter unmasks the grafting political magnate; again he falls in love with the girl whose confidence he must betray. Again we have the atmosphere of the newspaper office—pages and pages of it, complete with copy boys, devil-may-care rewrite men, corncob pipes and the rest. And in spite of all that, we have in *Scoop*[3] a good yarn, which ends rather differently than we expected. Recommended for clemency. ♣ ♣ ♣ *Unmarried Life*[4] is amusing light comedy, engagingly written. John has been engaged to Foy for five years, so Foy's mamma tries to speed things up. The result of her effort is to involve every one in difficulties with every one else in a series of maddening contretemps which will afford amusement. The conversation is witty, but not too witty to be real ♣ ♣ ♣ Good taste is relative, we suppose, in humor, and one man's joke is another man's emetic. Thus with the illustrations by Jean Bruller in *21 Delightful Ways of Committing Suicide*[5]. They are done in color, in a manner reminiscent of *Dr. Syntax;* are extremely clever; and some of them are tremendously funny. And to us, some of them just aren't. The effects of strangulation, immersion and decomposition are, it seems to us, rather difficult to make pictorially amusing. But Corey Ford's preface, reprinted from *Vanity Fair* is funny. ♣ ♣ ♣ Dipping into *The Art of Sound Pictures*[6], a handbook for those who would write for the talkies, we discover that you may use in your titles, in certain states, such words as broad, liar and fool, if they are applied "in light comedy vein." But you musn't refer to twin beds in Ohio, nor to kissing in Maryland. Yet though the latter state will not permit you to show a picture of a gent kissing a lady on the neck, it allows pictorial kicks applied to pictorial posteriors, which are ruled out in most other states. Then the birth control situation is peculiar. Comic reference is permitted in Ohio and forbidden in New York, while serious reference is forbidden in Ohio and permitted in New York. And further to confuse you, you may not show a bottle of milk of magnesia in Virginia. ♣ ♣ ♣ Later on in the above work we came on a discussion of the presentation of emotions. The psychology is original, to say the least, but what delighted us was the classification as "Subtle Behavior" of such manifestations of "captivation" as "winking the eye, beckoning with finger, inviting glances thrown over the shoulder." Also "one-piece bathing suits intentionally designed to excite men while still holding them at bay." Well, we always did like subtlety. To say nothing of being held at bay. ♣ ♣ ♣ *Livingstone*[7] is a new biography of the great missionary-explorer, documented with a good deal of hitherto unpublished material. It is a scholarly, well-rounded work—devoting perhaps, for the taste of those who care most for the adventurous side of his life, too much attention to the missionary and too little to the explorer, since it aims at understanding the man rather than at telling the story of his travels. Which is as it should be, since his explorations were undertaken in the spirit of the missionary, not of the adventurer. ♣ ♣ ♣ Not much reality in *John Merrill's Pleasant Life*[8], which is sometimes clever and sometimes over-emphasized. The incidents do not seem to us to grow naturally out of plot and characters, but to have been chosen to prove and illustrate. John, misused by a flirt, is chosen by the famous Castle as his successor in the Castle Works. He marries a dumb wife, falls in love and out with another lady, and finally becomes successful by an accident. That's really about all. The story seems to us ragged and inconclusive. ♣ ♣ ♣ If Malcolm Warren's aunt hadn't wanted to stay young and beautiful she'd be among us today, and we'd have missed reading *Death of My Aunt*[9]. It's a dreadful thought: all these fiction murders committed just to give us an hour or two of pleasure—and many of them in vain. But the lady of this story died in a good cause. For so simple, and so simply told a story, we don't see how it manages to be so baffling. While talking to her nephew, auntie takes a dose from a bottle labeled Le Secret de Venus, and expires almost immediately. Who put oxalic acid crystals in the bottle? You'll be surprised when you find out. ♣ ♣ ♣ Far more complicated, and therefore less satisfactory and convincing, is *The Body in the Safe*[10], in which detectives are called in to guard wedding presents, and are jailed for having made away with same, also with the butler, whose corpse is found in the safe *(vide* title). The division of the story into three parts, with a surprise in each, makes it, however, worth your attention, though it prevents us from revealing more of the plot.

WALTER R. BROOKS

3. By J. S. Hart and Garrett D. Byrnes: Little Brown $2.00.
4. By John North: Duffield $2.00.
5. Covici-Friede $2.00.
6. By Walter B. Pitkin & W. M. Marston: Appleton $2.50
7. By R. J. Campbell: Dodd Mead $3.00.
8. By Alice Beal Parsons: Dutton $2.50.
9. By C. H. B. Kitchin: Harcourt $2.00
10. By Cecil Freeman Gregg: MacVeagh $2.00.



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Just Published:

EXPLORING RELIGION WITH EIGHT-YEAR-OLDS
By HELEN FIRMAN SWEET and SOPHIA LYON FAHS

THE leader of the exploration kept a diary. In it she wrote what this group of third-grade children said and did on each of the thirty-two Sunday mornings at the Union School of Religion. That diary is reproduced in this book, together with five chapters explaining the plan and results of the exploration. ¶ "She lets us think!" And think they did—about whispering in class, the use of force, Jesus' idea of God, the soul, war, and many other problems. ¶ One of the best ways to learn to teach is to observe a skilful teacher at work. That is what this book makes possible for its readers. ¶ "If leadership training schools would use such a book as this ... the quality of teaching in Church Schools would be completely transformed in less than a decade." Professor Adelaide T. Case, Teachers' College, Columbia University Illus. $2.50

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Religion's Voice

As Heard in Recent Books

THERE ARE certain concepts in religion, and particularly in the Christian religion, which are always the subject of discussion and frequently of controversy. One of these is the supernatural. While the modern tendency is to reject it altogether, there can be no doubt that it dominated the life of the early Church. In *Experience with the Supernatural in Early Christian Times,* Shirley Jackson Case, (Century) a well known authority in the historical field, portrays how inevitable it was that this should be so when both the Jewish and Roman world accepted the supernatural as a matter of course. The case is clearly set forth and the facts presented are so fascinating in themselves, that recreation and information go hand in hand.

Another concept which is being rethought by multitudes is prayer. No question is more puzzling in a world which mechanistic science views as a world of unvarying law. *Prayer,* by Mario Puglisi (Macmillan) is a thorough discussion of prayer by an Italian scholar of great erudition and deep piety. This book not only expounds a philosophy of prayer, but is replete with suggestions as to how prayer can nurture the life of the spirit.

Still another Christian concept which has become nebulous in recent years is that of the authority of the Bible. Just where are we in our thought about the scriptures? *The New Testament in the Light of Modern Research,* by Adolf Deissmann (Doubleday Doran) sets forth in a readable manner for the average man the main conclusions of one of the greatest scholars in this field. That all the years of critical scholarship have not destroyed the credibility of the documents is asserted by this distinguished scholar in these words: "The foundations of our historical knowledge of early Christianity taken as a whole seem to be unassailable." That the minute investigation of the New Testament writings have not destroyed their religious value is also the sober conclusion of this recognized expert. Needless to say, even a little scholarship shows that much of the Bible is below the standards proclaimed by Jesus. There is always then the question as to the religious value (for the average man) of the entire Bible. Would it not be better to take the parts of the Bible that move on the Christ level and put them together for our spiritual nourishment and leave the rest for the scholar and the antiquarian? It is something of this thought that has led George Holley Gilbert to compile *The Christian Content of the Bible,* (Macmillan). This is an excellent beginning to a task which an increasing number of spiritual leaders feel to be necessary.

In *Immortality,* by S. D. McConnell, (Macmillan) we have a vital treatment of another fundamental Christian concept, that of immortality. This book, written by a man eighty-five years of age, resolutely faces the fact that the doctrine of evolution has undermined the belief in personal survival of bodily death. He sees how difficult it is to believe in such a survival of consciousness without a body through which that consciousness can manifest itself. But just because of evolution and the need of matter as a vehicle for the spirit, he believes that men may die and yet live again. They will not do so just because of their manhood; they will do so only if they have the quality of life for which the cosmos cares. This general idea of conditional immortality is not new, but this is a novel and illuminating presentation of it.

But in all our present day discussion of religion we ought not to forget that there is an orthodox school which accepts modern science and Biblical criticism and yet holds firmly to "the faith delivered unto the saints." That is the Barthian School in Germany. *The Theology of Crisis,* by H. Emil Brunner (Scribners) sets forth that position in a popular manner. It is an attack upon liberal Christianity which liberal Christianity must meet. It cannot be laughed off.

But all these questions inevitably involve us in philosophy. Any one who would come to grips with them must have some knowledge of that field. There is no better way for a beginner to get that knowledge, or for a devotee to summarize his thought than to read and ponder *Types of Philosophy,* by William Ernest Hocking of Harvard (Scribners). It is the most fair, accurate and readable survey of this field that has appeared in many a day. This is one of the few books of which one can speak with enthusiasm. It will discourage muddled thinking; it will stimulate a reverence and eagerness for the truth. It will be of real help in evaluating the fundamental concepts of religion.

EDMUND B. CHAFFEE

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The Theatre

By FRANCIS R. BELLAMY

The Plays of the Week

Josef Suss—Leon Feuchtwanger's "Power" dramatized by Ashley Dukes, at the Erlanger Theatre, West 44th Street—with Maurice Moscovitch.
Your Uncle Dudley by Howard Lindsay and Bertrand Robinson at the Cort Theatre, East 48th Street.

HAVING NEGLECTED to read Leon Feuchtwanger's novel, *Power*, when it first appeared, and considering it detrimental to a play to read the novel on which it is based, we viewed Maurice Moscovitch in *Josef Suss* with as few preconceptions as the ordinary citizen is likely to have. Further, we arrived several moments after the curtain had gone up, and so were debarred from scanning the program to find out what it was all about.

First we thought Walter Damrosch was speaking from the stage, until we realized the character was Josef Suss himself and so must be Maurice Moscovitch. Then we recognized, from the pillars and draperies and knee breeches that the drama was going to be one of these costume affairs—a kind of combination of The House of David and Berkeley Square. And at this moment a Rabbi prophesied—on the stage of course—that a certain Karl Alexander was going to be Duke of Wuertemberg, after which the future would be very dark. (He was reading the future duke's palm in a pump house in Wildbad in the year 1737.) Whereupon in came a courier-relative, dead; Karl, duke, just as predicted; with Josef Suss, the Jew Suss, nominated for treasurer and in line for a good chance at money and power.

Well, what would the duke do, what would happen to the Jew Suss, just how dark would things get? These were the only gloomy questions in our mind.

The complete answer came in the form of three acts and four scenes which totally changed our rather doubtful attitude into one of intense interest, serious reflection and genuine respect for the mind that wrote *Power*.

Rather obviously picked from the invisible chronicle, here nevertheless is a series of dramatically related scenes in the lives of an Eighteenth Century duke and his Jewish Bismarck that make the observer shudder at a world based on force and personal power and progressively devoid of honor, principle and justice. Here men and women sacrifice their self respect, their chastity and that of their daughters, until the beauty and dignity of existence vanish, and in their place, as if exchanged, is rape, insecurity, brutality, and finally murder.

Few dramatic scenes can surpass the one in which the sodden, brutish satyr, Duke Karl, led by the malice of one of Suss's rivals to the Jew's country retreat, finds there the virginal young daughter of the finance minister who has kept her thus away from a court whose courtiers sell their own women to the lust of their ruler in order to win and keep his favor. There is no protection of society here, no safeguards of justice or honor. To frustrate this ruler is to court death, ruin and loss of all power and position. Naked lust and brutality stir the last deep of Josef Suss's nature—his feelings as a father; only to trick the Jew in the final event. The ducal satyr orders the Jew to accompany him back to Stuttgart while he himself returns to the castle to rape the daughter.

The denouement of this scene provides as magnificently dramatic a moment, acted with consummate art by the three people concerned—the daughter, the duke and the Jew—as the season has offered. So tremendous is it, as a matter of fact, that it completely dwarfs the rest of the play, which by comparison, perhaps, seems listless, unauthentic and not particularly noteworthy. Nothing in the lives of these two men could matter much, after that moment in the castle. Talk of revenge and flimsy manipulations of vague parliaments and armies are useless. The final result of "power" has already been achieved; and the men who live can be but corpses.

It may be that in the novel the character of the Jew deteriorated thereafter. But drama is not made of slow disintegrations. The play remains one great moment, built toward steadily throughout two acts.

In the peculiar conviction it provides that unseen ethical and moral principles are the substantial rock upon which human society is built, it is an unusual play—the impression being conveyed entirely by an inferred comparison, with not one line of moral propaganda.

Many Jewish people will go see it. Intelligent *Goys* could fare much worse in other playhouses not far away. As for us, at this late day, we are going to read the book.

"YOUR UNCLE DUDLEY," they tell us, is in its third month and nearing the end of its run. Which fills us with astonishment and a kind of reluctant regret. For its audiences laugh and are amused: which is much. But the entertainment at which they laugh is such a travesty upon human nature that one grows depressed.

Excellent playwriting, of the carpenter sort, has gone into the building of the play toward the proper climaxes, for laughs and drama, of a kind. But real sympathy for or keen perception of human nature are absent. Let us have these saps act like this—and lo, this climax will result. Bring on your characterization to achieve this result, and build your dialogue accordingly; make the most of every point, from the angle of stage direction—and a humorous comedy will result.

All of which duly happens to Uncle Dudley, and his old stage mother, and all the American small town people involved, including an octopus sister who is well conceived. But the necessities of the plot so constrict the characters that a play for laughing purposes only is the eventual outcome; and the laughter, to us, seemed a little forced.

The Outlook's Tabloid Guide to Current Shows

*Strictly Dishonorable: Love and adventure in a speak-easy—delightful light comedy.
Sweet Adeline: The nineties with lovely music—amusing, well staged.
Journey's End: The great war play, perfectly acted. The event of the season.
Street Scene: Pulitzer Prize Winner. Tragic realism in a brown stone front.
It's A Wise Child: Cleverly constructed farce-comedy about illegitimacy.
*Berkeley Square: Some metaphysics, a little magic, and much beauty—with Leslie Howard.
June Moon: Comic strip wise-cracking in Tin Pan Alley.
*Fifty Million Frenchmen: Expertly produced musical comedy.
*Sons o' Guns: A gay musical show with the irrepressible Jack Donahue & alluring Lily Damita.
*The First Mrs. Fraser: An uneven English comedy of manners.
Wake Up and Dream: A very engaging London importation with Jack Buchanan.
Heads Up: A progressively entertaining extravaganza with amusing Victor Moore.
*Michael and Mary: A tender and witty comedy of real human beings.
Waterloo Bridge: Well acted but unconvincing story of a soldier boy and a scarlet woman.
Children of Darkness: Skillful and effective prison drama of 1725.
Death Takes a Holiday: A magnificent idea about Death, inexpertly handled.
Bird In Hand: Whimsical farce by John Drinkwater—excellently done.
Meteor: A fair portrait of an egotist—with Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne.
Bitter Sweet: Mediocrity all dressed up and no where to go.
Red Rust: Moving Soviet drama—vigorous, realistic, brutal.
*Strike Up the Band: Amusing lyrics, indifferent music—with genial Clark and McCullough.
At the Bottom: Gorki's Lower Depths with Americanisms—bitter, powerful, impressive.
Young Sinners: Somebody else's idea of last year's flapper and her boy friend.

*Indicates the leading attractions as reported by theatre brokers.

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Forecast

The Outlook and Independent Announces

A GREAT DEAL of concern has been felt in various quarters at the growing uniformity which the increasing use of machinery is spreading over America. In the leading article of the next issue "Homogeneous America," Bertrand Russell, the distinguished philosopher and mathematician, examines this so-called standardization. We observe that he views the situation with far less alarm than other well known philosophers who have recently visited us.

THE ADMINISTRATION is not the only thing that is bankrupt in Chicago. Due to a general break down of the big liquor rings and the stock market crash, bootleggers, gangsters and assorted racketeers have shifted their attentions from killing each other to looting the citizenry. In "On the Chicago Front" Lloyd Lewis, co-author of *Chicago: The History of its Reputation*, describes a state of affairs in that city which, we note fulfills the prophecy of F. P. Dunne, Jr. in a recent article in the Outlook and Independent, that the collapse of the market would lead to an increase in crimes of violence.

THE ANNUAL CONVENTION of the National Education Association will meet in Atlantic City the last week in February. To it will come public school superintendents from all over the country. In "Our Teachers: Managers of Our Biggest Business" Edgar Wallace Knight surveys the men who control "the annual expenditure of nearly three billions of public funds." Dr. Knight is a frequent contributor to the Outlook and Independent.

NOT ONLY did Mr. Coffey's employer refrain from prosecuting him for his first thefts, he even established him in business with his son in another city. Honesty prevailed for a while, but the appearance of a new sweetheart soon led to renewed thieving. The third instalment of "Thief's Progress" describes the chain of events which led the author to prison.

The Movies

By CREIGHTON PEET

"The Rogue Song"

GRAND OPERA—or at any rate moderately grand opera, comes to the screen in Metro's *The Rogue Song*, in which Lawrence Tibbett of the Metropolitan Opera sings magnificently and resoundingly. Mr. Tibbett is not the usual opera star—he is young and handsome, and his voice has a warmth and glow which almost but not quite compensate for the driveling story about a bold gypsy leader who falls in love with a proud and beautiful princess (Catherine Dale Owen).

Since *The Rogue Song* more nearly approaches opera than anything else, let us compare it to the average offering at the Metropolitan. In both cases the story is perfect tripe. In both cases the lyrics are quite silly (and if you doubt this read a few librettos and see for yourself). In both cases you have Mr. Tibbett's stunning voice and an excellently trained male chorus. As to the ballet numbers, the Albertina Rasch girls in *The Rogue Song* are enchanting and vastly superior to the usual exhibition at the Metropolitan. Compared to regular opera this has a good deal of freedom and movement, but compared to the old time film it is pretty stodgey and artificial. Part of this is due to the Technicolor visions of many painted studio sets resembling so many pretty picture postcards. Faintly comic relief is furnished by Laurel and Hardy.

The music by Franz Lehar and Herbert Stothart is pleasant and tuneful but hardly worthy of Tibbett's voice. It should be noted that this film does not end in a clinch. The gypsy and the princess decide they belong to different worlds and that not even movie love can unite them. For once, it does not develop that the gypsy leader is the long-lost son of a neighboring king, or that, after all, the beautiful princess is a commoner. It's grand to see love get a sock in the eye once in a while.

A Submarine and a Dirigible

Men Without Women and *The Lost Zeppelin* are so similar in plot and situation that they may be considered together. In one case we have a submarine crew trapped at the bottom of the sea and in the other a dirigible crew stranded near the South Pole.

The Lost Zeppelin (Tiffany) might have been a swell movie but for a rather incoherent continuity and the fact that none of the sets, dangers or actors are very convincing. Just before leaving for the Pole the commander (Conway Tearle) finds that his wife (Virginia Valli) loves one of his officers, furnishing the necessary emotional by-play. One rather silly episode shows the explorers leaving their nice cozy Zeppelin, walking off into a blinding snow storm, and promptly freezing to death.

Men Without Women (Fox) is vastly superior to this snowy picture, and after a rather weak opening it turns out to be first-rate and rather breathless excitement. There have been films of submarine disasters before, but this is, I promise you, the most thrilling of them all, without ever being grewsome or morbid. You may not think that men trapped in a stifling steel shell under ninety feet of water talk just this way—but who knows—perhaps they do? Director John Ford has done handsomely by *Men Without Women*—which, incidentally, has no connection whatever with the Hemingway stories.

"New York Nights"

Norma Talmadge has finally made a talking picture, and while her voice is very satisfactory indeed her movie is just another one of those backstage things about a drunken song-writer (Gilbert Roland) and his poor neglected wife who are separated by a lecherous, diamond-shedding producer. Why Miss Talmadge, who has so much power and glory in her home town allowed herself to be burdened with a backstage story I cannot understand. Perhaps there is a law in California that every movie actor must appear in at least one backstage film.

Worth Seeing

Devil May Care: Ramon Novarro singing in a mild operetta.
Disraeli: George Arliss carries on the old play—a distinguished film.
The Laughing Lady: Grown-up comedy—Ruth Chatterton retrieves a divorced husband, Clive Brook.
The Love Parade: Maurice Chevalier smiles and laughs and sings and the ladies love it.
Seven Days' Leave: Barrie's "The Old Lady Shows Her Medals" beautifully acted by Beryl Mercer and Gary Cooper.
The Taming of the Shrew: Doug and Mary romping about in Shakespeare's comedy.
The Virginian: Gary Cooper as a straight-shootin' hombre—a fine performance.

Not So Good

Hit the Deck; No, No, Nanette; Sally, and Rio Rita: Photographic reproductions of old Broadway musical shows.
Their Own Desire: Norma Shearer and the divorce problem—tedious stuff.
The Locked Door: Lurid, implausible melodrama.
Show of Shows: A quantity of canned vaudeville acts, most of them pretty bad.

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Norman Bel Geddes

By ARTHUR STRAWN

ONE evening three years ago Norman Bel Geddes, famous for his stage designs, was walking down New York's Fifth Avenue when he suddenly came to the conclusion that the shop windows were so ugly that something ought to be done about it. The very next day he wrote to the owner of one of the larger stores and presented a plan for improving the windows. Geddes' offer was accepted, and thus his modernistic window sets became the first in New York.

As soon as it was learned that Geddes' interest was no longer monopolized by the theatre, leading manufacturers got after him to submit modern designs to be applied to their products, and that, in brief, explains why during the past three years Geddes has been devoting himself almost exclusively to designing such frankly utilitarian objects as weighing scales, furniture, automobiles, factories, roof-gardens, office interiors and restaurants.

"An artist never strays from his natural path," says Geddes, "so long as he is earnestly attempting to create beauty, whether in a painting, a poem, a setting for a drama, the building of a factory, or the manufacture of a chair."

His comparatively sudden plunge into industrial design is typical of Geddes, who has achieved success in many branches of artistic endeavor and then abandoned each success in order to experiment in new fields. Born in Adrian, Michigan, in 1893, Geddes entered the Cleveland Art School when he was seventeen. He studied there for three months, spent another few months at the Chicago Art Institute, decided that he could do better working by himself and thereupon gave up art schools for good.

After several years of hard work he found himself enjoying success as a portrait painter of such celebrities as Schumann Heink, Caruso and Brand Whitlock, when he suddenly decided that advertising art might be more interesting. He soon became art director of a Detroit advertising agency and, later, manager of the largest advertising illustration house west of New York.

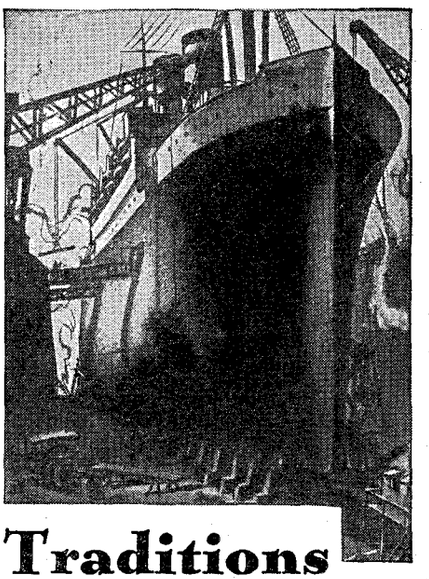
By this time, however, he had become fascinated by the theatre, and had even gone so far as to write a play. His curiosity about what went on behind the scenes soon made him a pest back-stage of a certain Detroit theatre. While carrying on private experiments in lighting effects one day, he caused a short circuit, a lot of trouble and his own unceremonious eviction from the premises.

Learning that his play was being seriously considered by a Los Angeles theatre, Geddes packed up and went to California. His play was never produced, but he began to design sets for other productions there, and his designs were an instantaneous and sensational success. A few years later and he was in New York, recognized as one of the leaders in the little group of artists who were revolutionizing the art of stage design. It was Geddes whom Max Reinhardt chose to design the American production of *The Miracle*. Then, at the height of his success as one of the world's masters of stage decors, Geddes again began to look for new realms to conquer, and so turned to industrial design.

"There is no reason in the world" he declares fervently "why a weighing scale, a metal bed or an automobile shouldn't be a lovely thing to look upon, without sacrificing any of its usefulness. The trouble in the past has been that manufacturers and inventors have made their designs with attention almost exclusively riveted to the work the product was to perform. Decorative touches might be added afterwards, but the thing was never originally designed to be both useful and beautiful at the same time."

The fever for stage designing has not yet been entirely eliminated from Geddes' blood, as witness his sets for the radical production of *Hamlet* at Skowhegan, Maine, last summer, and his more recent sets for *Fifty Million Frenchmen*. But the great passion of his life now is industrial design. His studio, a plain brown front house in the Murray Hill section of Manhattan, is a beehive of industry. Here, working under his orders, are some forty assistants, technical experts, draftsmen, engineers and model makers.

A short, chunky man with light, towsled hair, grey eyes and a restless manner, Geddes is a modern Leonardo who designs anything from a chair to a factory. Numerous objects of his design, such as scales and furniture, are now being featured by leading manufacturers. He is designer of a group of factory buildings now being erected at Toledo, Ohio, and his genius for architectural design is recognized in his recent appointment as one of the two advisory members of the Architectural Commission for the Chicago World's Fair of 1933.



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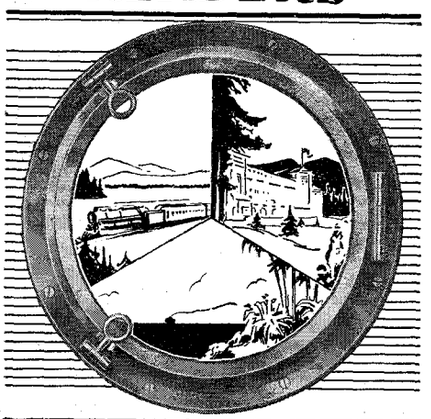

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From the Life

By IBBY HALL

The Chimney

AT CHRISTMAS there had been a lot of talk about chimneys. Very small creatures had come as near as they dared, had stooped inside as far as they could and twisting their little heads had stared up at that awful stretch. Would Santa Claus, so trusting and fat, be able to make it?

No doubt the burglar had heard the rumors. No doubt he was a burglar of great imagination. He was still glowing with the spirit of Christmas on the night he climbed to the roof of the great house and stared about him. The stars winked at him in dumb amazement. The cold trees craned upward to see what was going on and clicked their stiff branches with excitement. But nothing could do anything about it. The chimney itself was helpless. Its very size was against it.

The burglar moved towards the chimney and patted it as though it had been a reindeer. Next, he mounted it with a look of one about to start upon a long journey. Then abruptly he disappeared inside. Blackness had swallowed him.

The stars stared steadily. The trees waited and whispered. And from the shielding trunks of two of them two shadows crept stealthily and appeared to converse; then stepped back again. An hour went by—another hour, and the chimney began to groan. The two shadows, stepping out again, conversed in rough and violent whispers, and sped silently away.

But it was well toward morning when the great house opened its front door. Men in blue uniforms had driven up. Men in black coats were coming out holding a weak creature between them.

"You call yourself a burglar," shouted a big fellow in blue, "and you get stuck in a chimney? Come on, Santa Claus!"

But as they hurried him off the trees distinctly caught his protest. "Say, what do you take me for? We had tried all the windows, hadn't we? And worked at all the doors! And how did I know the chimney had a trap? To hell with Santa Claus!"

Miracle

THE KING was to speak for six minutes. The old lady had lived for eighty years and time had become precious. She had been dazzled during those years by wonder upon wonder. It was as though life had become a great machine for the display of wonders.

The machine was everywhere. In her childhood she had learned to sew and had read fairy-tales out of books. She had dreamed distant marvels and followed in ecstacy the flight of birds. Now the machine dressed her, the machine told her stories upon the silver screen. The machine ran past her window by the thousands, hurrying to places unheard of. Every few minutes it plunged into the sky and hummed above her roof-top like a million bees.

And now a machine would accomplish this miracle! The fabulous land of Royalty would enter the room in which she lived—Kings and Queens, gold crowns and ermine, the royal coach and snow-white steeds! For six minutes out of her long life-time she would listen to the voice of a king.

The night before the King was to make his speech, the old lady went to bed even earlier than her custom. She must be sure to wake in time, and so she wound and placed beside her bed a small machine. Its little hands went round its face each day to tell her how old she was. In the morning it would stop and ring a bell to tell her she had slept long enough. She would not miss a single word the King was going to speak, for the little clock was right and certain. More certain than Youth and Love, which she had known.

She lay in the dark and smiled. She could hear the clock ticking. Tomorrow she would be listening to the King. What was he thinking now, she wondered? What would he look like? What words would he say?

The little hands went round and round the face of the clock. At an early hour it clicked suddenly and then: "Ting-a-ling-a-ling" went the clock, "—a-ling-a-ling-a-ling-a-ling—" over and over, until at last a door was opened.

Some one hurried into the room in the darkness of dawn and caught up the ringing clock. Hush! The bell was still. A button was pressed and light sprang into the silence. Some one stood staring at the old lady lying there with a smile upon her lips. Beyond the light, beyond the ringing of a bell . . . why, the King was about to speak! And still she lay like stone. With a cry some one leaned over her——

Where was she? What had become of her? What was she listening to now?

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Is Motoring a Crime?

(Continued from Page 250)

ing loosely at his sides, his chin jutted forward, as if he were advancing upon a dangerous and armed criminal. His language would have caused a mule driver to turn pink. The boy driving the delivery truck cringed back in his seat and forced a fixed smile on his face.

The policeman flew to new heights of creative invectives while the streets became jammed with vehicles and pedestrians waiting for this blatherskite to complete his remarkable demonstration of traffic management.

We finally walked away down a side alley. My friend was silent for nearly five blocks, then he turned his head to me and said with a curious smile: "Civil police! What a joke on us!"

Lost Cause

(Continued from Page 247)

5. She was a campaigner of twenty years' experience.

She had breakfasted with a man who told her that extensive adulteration was being practiced; hence the clean-food plank. Her morality plank, she said, would take in not only smoking, but burlesque shows, suggestive movies, extreme styles, and modern dancing. She wanted "clean sweet things" on stage and screen; community singing instead of dancing, debating societies and spelling bees instead of cabarets.

"It can be done," she promised. "They said that prohibition would never come either. They know better now. I will preach the doctrine of Abraham Lincoln all over the country. I look like Lincoln anyhow." She passed out chocolate creams.

Though she did actually enter the Republican Presidential primaries in South Dakota, she did not expect victory. From the first, she was willing to withdraw in favor of a stronger candidate. In six months she withdrew formally "in favor of any one who will endorse the moral reforms for which I stand." Evidently she picked William Jennings Bryan, for, in July, when the Prohibition party nominated Bryan by acclamation at its national convention in Lincoln, Nebraska, Miss Gaston was a delegate from Illinois. When Harding (frankly a cigarette smoker) was nominated, she gave up national politics as hopeless.

Ousted from the International League, she set about organizing a new one, under the old name, the National Anti-Cigarette League. With "Save the Girl" as her slogan and "Abolition of the cigarette in America by 1925" as her goal, she pressed the war into Kansas, which, unlike other states, still retained its anti-cigarette law. Even for Kansas her voice was too shrill. When, in August, 1921, she announced her plan to publish *Coffin Nails* in Topeka, the Kansas League stopped her salary and refused to meet her bills. She forged ahead in Iowa, hoping to found a new league there; later, still at the head of her National League, she returned to Chicago to fight it out with her old organization, the scientific-minded International League. In this anomalous capacity she persevered until the end.

Improvident as always, deprived of a regular salary and dependent on the help of relatives and on occasional contributions, she lived from hand to mouth. But even if she had wanted to surrender, her mother, now nearly ninety, would not have heard of it. Throughout her life, Mrs. Gaston had applauded her daughter's program and spurred her to more militant methods. Now, though the money for their cheap rooms was hard to come by, the two devoted every cent to the cause.

Lucy continued to gather boys off the Chicago streets and lecture them on the clean life. She wrote letters to Queen Mary of England and to President Harding, urging them to realize the example they were setting by smoking. She harried prominent women smokers; she did her level best to harry the rival League out of existence. She welcomed all reporters, though she knew they would write funny stories, and gave them bits of gentian root to take away with them.

On Christmas Eve, 1923, applying at Salvation Army headquarters for a Christmas basket, she met A. E. Nissen, a Salvation Army worker, who became her loyal admirer and colleague. A little later G. Henri di Ronchi, a young Frenchman just arrived in this country, brought to her aid new zeal and a much-needed pocket-book.

Too late. In January 1924, as she was leaving an anti-cigarette meeting, she walked in front of a trolley car and was struck and pinned under. From this accident there developed a malignant growth of the throat, from which she died the following August. She died confident that, in the hands of Mr. di Ronchi, her work would go on to a triumphant end.

In the middle of her funeral service, four children rose and pointed to the coffin, saying in unison, "Miss Gaston, we thank you for what you have done for us." They repeated the Clean Life Pledge. Her last request was that those who intended to send flowers to

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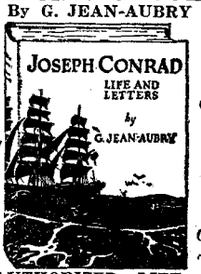

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her funeral send contributions to the anti-cigarette cause instead. Her mother, who died a few years later, made the same request. Left to Mr. di Ronchi, Miss Gaston's league hesitated a few months, then quietly expired.

The United States now produces more than fifty times as many cigarettes as in 1899, when Miss Gaston founded her first anti-cigarette organization.

Small Beginnings

(Continued from Page 255)

board. The landlady scolded me and said she would write to my parents about my not working and being out late every night, and tell them to make me come home. I had written several times saying I was getting along fine but not telling them that I wasn't working.

The morning before Christmas another week's board was due in advance and I had less than a dollar. The first mail brought a letter from my mother and a package containing a tie-pin she had sent as a present. Her letter said she felt very bad because I wouldn't be home for Christmas, that it would be the first Christmas with any of the family missing; but she hoped I'd be happy and was sending a tie-pin to remind me that she would be thinking of me and waiting for me to come back. Reading it made me cry a little and wish I had money enough for my fare. I tried to think of a way to get enough but couldn't. Then I wondered if I could get a chance to steal a ride back on a train. I went down to the Union Station to find out what trains would be leaving. The only one that would get to Philadelphia in time for Christmas was the Eighteen-Hour Limited, leaving at 2:45 in the afternoon. I went back to the boarding-house, packed my suitcase, and told the landlady I was leaving. I took my suitcase to an express office and sent it collect. Two hours remained until train time, so I went to a restaurant, and bought some cigars with what money I had left.

At the station I found that the train was ready. I couldn't get through the gate, and so I found my way to the tracks through an entrance to the express depot. I found the train, boarded it and looked for a good place to hide. A linen closet in the kitchen car seemed the only good place. I hid there a few minutes before starting time. A short while after the train started the door of the closet was opened by one of the kitchen men, a big Negro. I pleaded with him not to tell on me.

"Boy, I can't let you stay there, nohow. I don't want to lose my job. This here train's the Millionaire's Special. You can't steal no ride on this train."

I came out of the closet. The Negro said he'd have to take me to the conductor. Thinking I might get arrested, I told him he didn't need to, that I'd get off at the first stop. He said: "All right, see that you do. We'll be stopping in a minute at Englewood."

The train stopped; I got off. I walked back along the platform, trying to think what to do. Without deciding anything, I came to the observation platform at the end of the train. The train began moving. I ran to the observation platform, took hold of the railing, and climbed up. I went through the observation car, then through the next. I couldn't think of a place to hide. I came to an empty compartment, went into it and looked around. There was no place to hide, either under the seats or behind the door. I started out, ready to give up, but saw above the door a baggage-rack. In a moment I was lying in it.

About ten minutes had passed when I heard shutting and locking of doors of compartments ahead; then a voice saying "————said he got on at the observation platform and came forward." I held my breath and lay still as possible. I heard the door of the next compartment being shut and locked. Then mine was.

The train went on and on. I changed my position many times to avoid cramp and discomfort. My muscles gradually grew so stiff I could hardly move. I saw that it had become quite dark, and decided to take a chance on getting down and limbering up. I had managed to turn over on my belly when a key turned in the lock, the door opened and the light was turned on. A porter had come and was putting soap and towels into a toilet cabinet just inside the door. After putting them in he switched off the light, shut the door and locked it. I thought perhaps he had prepared the compartment for a passenger who had engaged it and would get on at the next stop. I stayed up and waited. But after several more hours I felt I'd have to get down, whatever might happen.

After getting down I smoked a cigar. Passing through a town I saw a clock on a steeple that said twenty minutes after nine. I decided to make up the lower berth and lie down. Soon I fell asleep. I awoke at Harrisburg, washed, dressed, and after putting the seats back in their regular place, sat down and smoked a cigar. The train was going a mile a minute; the further it went the happier I felt. Signs showing shorter and shorter distances to Philadelphia flew by. I saw one "21 Miles to Philadelphia." Then a key turned in the lock; the porter came in. He stood looking at me, wide-eyed and with his mouth open; then went out without saying anything. He came back in a minute bringing the conductor, an old man with a white beard.

"Do you know you can be arrested for this?" the conductor asked. I took my mother's letter from my pocket and handed it to him, saying: "This'll explain why I did it." He took the letter and read it. After reading it he said I was lucky it was Christmas Day, that he wouldn't have me arrested but wanted to hear from my father that I had got home. I wrote down his address and promised to ask my father to write to him. In a few minutes the train stopped in Philadelphia and I got off. I felt jubilant—I had beat my way on the Millionaire's Special, something that had never been done before. I had to walk only a short distance to get home. On the way I took the first bottle of milk I saw on a doorstep and drank it, proudly neglecting to take any precaution against being caught at it.

At home I found the front door unlocked and walked in. Two of my sisters were in the dining room making last adjustments of their dresses and hats before going to mass. One noticed me but thought I was my brother James, and said: "I thought you had gone." Without answering I walked through and stood in the doorway to the kitchen. My mother was bending over poking the stove. I heard her say to my sister: "Well, I guess we won't have John with us today." I said: "Merry Christmas." In a moment my mother was hugging me, and crying.

I went to mass with my sisters. On coming home my father welcomed me, lifting me above his head and calling me his "star," as he had done often when I was small. I didn't tell him of having beat my way back or that the conductor wanted to hear from him, thinking it would displease him; that it would be better to let him think I had got along well enough to be able to pay my fare. But I couldn't keep from telling most of my friends how I had got back, along with other things I had done and experienced.

I started looking for a job the next day. My father suggested that I try to get my old job back, and offered to go with me to help me. I said I didn't think there was enough chance for advancement and preferred to get some-

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thing elsewhere, a job in a lawyer's office if possible. He didn't press the matter, telling me to suit myself. In the next two weeks several jobs were offered me, but I refused them because the pay was less than I wanted, the hours too long or the work too hard. Pool would supply me with spending money whether I worked or not, so I decided to wait until I found an easy job paying enough to let me give about five dollars a week to my father and have several dollars left for myself.

Early one morning while I was in bed, and wholly unexpectedly, a constable from a magistrate's office came with a warrant to arrest me for stealing the money from the letters. He showed the warrant to my father, saying he wouldn't take me from the house if my father would sign a bond for $300 to guarantee my appearance for a hearing. My father said he'd sign the bond if I said I was innocent, but not if I was guilty; that no one in his family before, so far back as he had heard of, had ever done a dishonest thing; that if I was guilty he wouldn't stir a finger to save me from the full extent of the law. "Did you do this or didn't you?" he asked me. "Yes, I did," I said. "Take him with you," he said to the constable. The constable said he'd wait until I'd had breakfast, but I said I didn't want any; so we went. I felt dazed; unable to think, see or hear anything. "What will happen to me?" I kept asking myself mechanically. Then I heard the constable say: "Don't be afraid! There won't be anything to this." "Won't they send me to jail?" I asked. "No, they won't do that," he answered. Hope came back to me.

The constable took me to the magistrate's office; told the magistrate my father had refused to put up bail for me. The magistrate telephoned to the general manager of the company I had stolen from, telling him that my father had refused to go my bail. The general manager said to send the bond around and he'd sign it, if I'd promise to appear at the hearing. The magistrate told me what he had said, and when I had promised to appear sent the constable to the general manager with the bail bond. Gratitude to the general manager brought tears to my eyes; and then I felt black shame at having stolen from him and caused him so much trouble. I resolved to pay back as soon as possible every cent I had taken. In a short while the constable returned with the signed bond. I was told when to appear for a hearing and that I could go home. My heart pounded. As soon as I had got around the nearest corner I had to start running. I thought of going straight to the general manager and thanking him, telling him I'd repay everything. At the next corner, still running, I turned toward the company's office. Suddenly I stopped. I had remembered the forged draft. "Shall I tell about it?" I wondered. In a minute I decided: "No, I better not, it might spoil everything. They don't seem to know about it." I turned back, walking.

Brown Brothers

The Philadelphia Athletics at the time of Mr. Coffey's narrative

Further on I passed a department store where my oldest sister worked as a saleslady. I went in to tell her everything was all right, that I hadn't been put in jail. Inside the store, looking around anxiously, her hands working nervously, and very shabby in worn, out-of-date clothes, I saw my mother. I ran to her. "John! My boy!" She hugged me and cried. "John, John! My boy! My boy!" I cried too. Neither of us, for several minutes, thought of where we were. Then my mother smiled and wiped her tears. She said she had left home to look for me but without knowing where to go, and had come in to ask Mary where she might find me. We found the counter at which Mary worked and told her what had happened. Then my mother remembered that I had had no breakfast and took me to a restaurant, eating nothing herself because she thought everything too expensive.

On the way home she said I mustn't mind if my father was cross with me; that what happened had made him feel very bad, especially because he had hoped for much more from me than from any of the others, and that if I behaved myself from then on everything would turn out all right.

After getting home my father asked what had happened. I told him. "Well, you see what comes of going your own way and not doing what your mother and I tell you?" he asked. Then he said: "From now on if you want to stay here you'll do as you're told. No more going out nights and staying till all hours. Do you hear me?" "Yes," I answered. I felt I could get along without staying home, but that I ought to stay on my mother's account. The general manager from whom I had stolen, I reminded myself, had treated me better than my own father. "And I'll make good more because of him than on account of my father, too," I told myself.

The next two weeks passed slowly and monotonously. During the first week my father went to work early in the morning and was at home evenings. He made me stay in every night and go to bed early. But the following week he started work in the afternoon and came home after midnight, which gave me a chance to get out for a while each evening. I went to the church hall and played pool there, not having enough money to go downtown and gamble. Each morning I went looking for a job, but had no success.

The morning for the hearing came. Having no money I walked to the magistrate's court. Soon after I got there the general manager's secretary and another man came. They asked me to come outside. The secretary told me the other man was the general manager's secretary. The attorney handed me sixty dollars—the amount I was charged with stealing—and told me to give it back to him in front of the magistrate at the hearing as though I were making restitution. A few minutes after we had gone inside again my case was called. The attorney told the

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magistrate he understood I was ready to make restitution of the amount I was charged with taking, and so he asked that the case be dismissed. The attorney then asked me for the sixty dollars. After I had given it to him the magistrate dismissed the case. Then the attorney asked me to go with him to his office. After I had waited there about an hour he told me that Mr. Moore, the general manager, wanted to see me at his home at eight o'clock that evening.

I arrived there promptly, full of gratitude for what had been done for me, and determined to do anything in return that might be asked of me. Mr. Moore introduced me to his wife and son, saying that they knew what had happened and felt, as he did, that I should be helped to a new start. He had thought of taking me back on my old job but decided that it would be better for me to go with his son to Lancaster, Pennsylvania, where his son had started in business for himself. He said to tell my parents that if they would let me go I'd be well provided for and would live at his son's home. I told him I didn't know what to say to thank him, but promised to do my best to make good and hoped to pay back as soon as possible the money I had taken. He said I shouldn't worry about that, that he'd consider himself repaid if I worked hard to help his son build up a good business. And afterwards, he said, if I did as well as he thought I would, he'd see that I got a chance to go into business for myself. His son would take a train the next morning, I was told, and if my parents permitted me to go I should meet him at the station. They all shook hands with me, and said goodnight; Mr. Moore saying, when I tried to thank him again, that I needn't try, that he felt sure I'd show myself deserving of what he was doing for me.

My father consented to my going, so the next morning I met young Mr. Moore at the station.

(To Be Continued)

The Yankee Invasion

(Continued from Page 265)

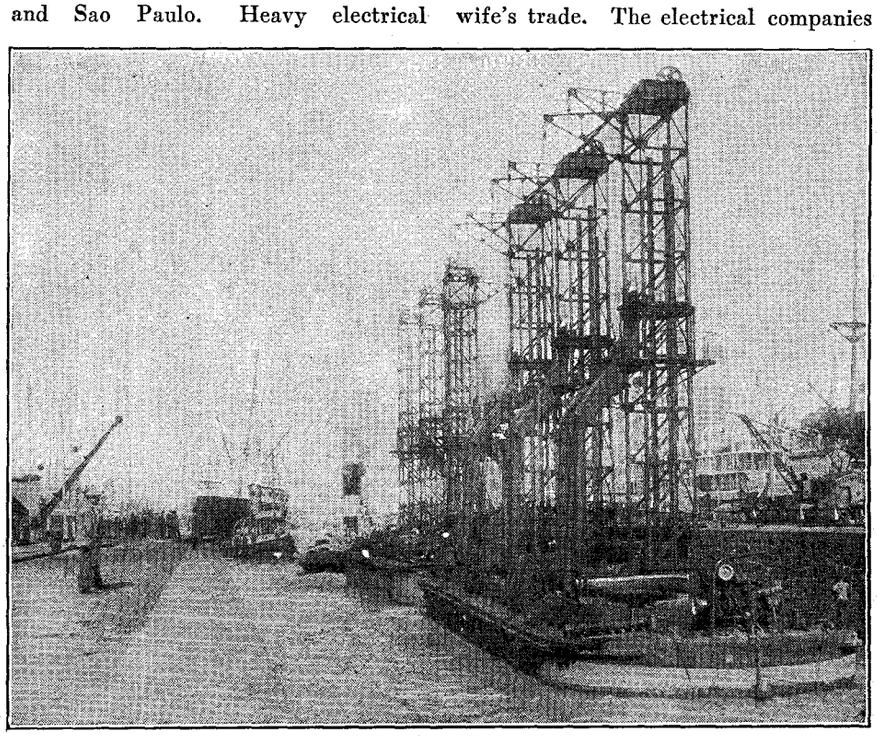
signs and bill-boards, advertising various products flaunt themselves before the passer-by; vast clouds of smoke pour forth from Chile's busy factories; the sound of the drill and steam-shovel depict the building of highways. Chile has caught the germ of Yankee efficiency and is rapidly outstripping her neighbors.

All over South America, American firms are advertising and distributing their products, while the adoption of Yankee methods is proceeding at an accelerated pace. Colombia is the scene of the most dramatic of recent changes. The treaty bequest from the United States in 1921 of $25,000,000 has put her on her feet; she rose from poverty to riches almost overnight. The export of oil and bananas is steadily increasing, while her coffee trade has been greatly enhanced. The United Fruit Company is extending its activities through its banana plantations adjacent to the port of Cartagena. Uruguay has little diversification of industry as yet, but she, too, has been helped by American capital. Modern central banks of the United States have numerous branches in Peru and the leading cities of other South American countries. Yankee capital is modernizing the whole of South America.

From the Caribbean Sea to the Horn, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, the Yankee invasion is changing the character of the country. Numerous trade magazines for South American readers carry advertisements of American firms whose names have become a household word. In the larger cities, the coin slot-machines of Wrigley's chewing gum dot the railway and subway stations as they do in New York. United States Steel Products Company, distributors for various American steel tube and bridge companies, supplies the iron and steel needs through branch offices in Buenos Aires, Lima, Rio de Janeiro, and Sao Paulo. Heavy electrical equipment is supplied by Westinghouse Electric International, whose South American branch, Cia Electrica Westinghouse de Chile, has several offices in the United States. General Electric likewise distributes electrical equipment, while at the present time, it is putting on a campaign for the purpose of increasing the sale of electric refrigerators.

The Foundation Company is putting up office buildings in the larger cities of South America and constructing new factories which are installing American equipment and machinery. One is whisked to the top floors of these buildings in an Otis elevator, or in one made by the A. B. See Company. Baldwin Locomotive Works, with branches at Santiago, sell the trucks manufactured by the American Steel Foundries of Chicago which are fitted on the freight cars of South American railways. Almost every prominent automobile manufacturer is trying to make the South Americans "car conscious." They love gay colors and eccentric shapes; open cars predominate. Everywhere are red, blue, green or mottled cream-colored touring cars of well-known American makes. The South American jumps into his open car, drives to a Standard Oil or Texaco filling station, and away he speeds on American asphalt over the mountains,—the only features that do not bear the Yankee taint.

Subtle methods of appeal to win the dollars of the South American housewife smack familiarly of high-pressure tactics which are used most effectively in the United States to win the housewife's trade. The electrical companies



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in South America send out alluring copy praising the merits of the electric iron, the electric washing machine, and various labor-saving devices for the home. "Consumer demand" methods are rapidly gaining large numbers of new customers who succumb to the seductive lures. "Keeping up with the Joneses" is likewise the watchword and favorite pastime of South Americans, as it is of their brethren in North America. The chief drawback just now is the limited purchasing power of the people.

There is hardly a need which American products do not supply, nor hardly a field which Americans have not entered. The South American housewife cooks with Crisco, sprays her house with Flit, writes on an American portable typewriter, brushes her teeth with S. S. White Tooth Paste, takes Scott's Emulsion for body-building, and calculates her household expenses on a Burroughs adding-machine. Whether she lights her house, cooks her food, or drives her car in the country, Yankee hands have helped to make this possible. She beautifies her face with Marinello Cream, soothes her roughened hands with Mentholatum, or treats her corn with Gets-It. A-weary of her household duties, she goes to the movies to forget her cares and worry. But the Yankees are there too. Thoroughly worn out by a two-hour portrayal of the seamy side of American life by neurotic American actors, she goes home—to sleep on the latest twist in bed-springs on a bed of American make! Is there no balm in Gilead?

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With Our Readers

A Different Note

To the Editor of the
Outlook and Independent:

DEAR SIR:

Father Ripple's criticism of your magazine is deplorable. His opinion is not shared by all his co-religionists. I will keep on reading your articles on secular subjects. Regarding religious topics, I believe that a constructive suggestion from a reader who renews his subscription does more good than a complaint from a casual reader or one who cancels his subscription. May I suggest that to Catholics like myself, articles about persons (e.g. Cardinal O'Connell and Rev. Dr.?) are more interesting and less offensive than editorials about things (e.g. divorce and birth control)? Hoping that you have not mistaken Father Ripple for the Catholic Church, I remain

A satisfied subscriber,
CHARLES F. KELLER

Strong Protest

To the Editor of the
Outlook and Independent:

DEAR SIR:

I have so little respect for you and your paper that I will not waste a clean sheet of writing paper to tell you what I think of your magazine.

I have taken the Outlook for the past five years, and for a long time have tried to give you credit for really wanting to find the facts and the truth about conditions and people whose names are before the public. But since reading the damnable lies in the story by Mrs. Campbell, about Mary Baker Eddy, you have proven that you do not want to print the facts.

The statements she quotes from newspaper articles printed years ago, were proven at that time to be absolute falsehoods, gotten up simply to discredit Mrs. Eddy and her work, and after all these years this evil minded Mrs. Campbell has dug up this rot, and you are ready and pleased to pay her for these articles and broadcast them to the world. What must any person who likes truth and fair play think of you and your motives?

No, I would always know I was reading lies and distorted statements about any thing or person whom you wrote about in your paper, and who wants to fill their minds with falsehoods? If with a year's subscription to your paper, you would give me the finest library in the world, I would not give it a place in my house.

MARY ALICE RANDALL

AUTHOR'S NOTE—Just say that you showed me the letter, and that I thought the writer seemed to be prejudiced. That is, if you want to say anything from me at all. . . . others received seem to think that I am "doing God's work". They seem to be prejudiced too.

FLETA CAMPBELL SPRINGER

An Extra Edition?

Princeton, New Jersey

To the Editor of the
Outlook and Independent:

DEAR SIR:

It is among the possibilities that, when the letters begin to come in in comment on the article by Mr. Francis M. Cockrell and on Back Stage in Washington, as they appeared in your issue of Jan. 22, you will be forced to get out an extra. If such is the case, I trust the regular subscribers will not be forgotten.

I fully sympathize with the state of mind which prompted Mr. Cockrell's discussion; but cannot agree with his conclusions. His own figures prove that home manufacture no longer belongs in the infant class as an industry; and I have heard of no great desertion from the ranks of the bootleggers.

I have had opportunity, during the last ten years, to learn something about the liquor situation in Maritime Canada. Last summer in Nova Scotia I found the same unholy alliance between the prohibitionists and the bootleggers in an effort to retain the then existing prohibition laws.

In New Brunswick, which has had over a year to try out the government sale plan, the situation seems to be that the average man would prefer securing his liquor honestly if he can do so. From the evidence I can gather, the illicit trade is decreasing, even though the government store prices are even higher in some cases than were the former bootleg prices; and the restrictions placed upon purchase are severe and are enforced.

The factors which appear to make the new regulations a success are the fact that the people themselves voted to give the scheme a trial; and the further fact that the purchaser can get a drink and retain his self respect, in that he is no longer a malefactor in the eyes of the law. And these people spring from the same stock as ourselves.

Mr. Cockrell's answer seems to be in some form of government control and sale. His scheme would drive the manufacture of liquor still further under cover and would set up 20,000,000 personally conducted breweries and distilleries in the homes. . . .

JOHN S. VAN NEST

"Pure Philanthropy"

To the Editor of the
Outlook and Independent:

DEAR SIR:

. . . An editor recently gave a definition of prohibition as embodied in the Eighteenth amendment which you might profitably put in your pipe and smoke awhile:—"Prohibition is a mighty movement in the interest of the physical, financial, domestic, moral and spiritual welfare of the people. It is the mightiest moral victory achieved in our nation in all its history. It is an expression of pure philanthropy, made by unselfish, self-sacrificing, loving hearted and noble minded men and women, against the opposition of those who are slaves of physical appetite and the conscienceless forces of law-breaking greed."

You have allied yourself with these slaves and law-breakers. The great mass of the people, responsible business men, all who have at heart the real interests of the people and prosperity of the nation, the unselfish, the intelligent, the philanthropic, the worthy parents, the wholesome teachers, the true hearted ministers, and all of those in general, who desire to banish vice and crime, poverty and illiteracy, disease and disaster, are anxious to see prohibition law observed and enforced, for the protection and welfare of their fellow-men.

A. F. HOFFSOMMER

Definition of Religion

Detroit, Michigan

To the Editor of the
Outlook and Independent:

DEAR SIR:

Gilbert P. Simons article "God, 1930" is the most enlightening of your many articles on religion. He is the first to my recollection to point out that there is a distinction between religion and morality, but even he infers that morality somehow has a part in religion.

The word religion comes from the Latin religio, meaning revering the gods. I should define it as the relation of the spirit of man with the divine. Man has always reverenced and striven for the ideal and the absolute which attributes exist only in divinity.

Morality on the other hand is the social code by which men regulate their actions for the benefit of the social group. Morality depends for its definition upon the consensus of opinion at any particular time. Right is a relative term in morality.

The sooner organized types of religion realize this and become concerned about man's relation to the world of the spirit rather than his relation to his neighbor, the sooner will religion in its organized forms become a powerful and vital force in the lives of men.

What man's relation to the divine is, seems to be a question to be solved by an open mind. Why should we accept the same principles which have existed for thousands of years. The progress of civilization has been attained by ever questioning the accepted principles of life. Why is progress in religion not to be attained in the same way? And progress is necessary in religion for the processes of decay invariably work upon those things which remain stationary.

DUDLEY E. WHITING

Financial Turn Turtle

To the Editor of the
Outlook and Independent:

DEAR SIR:

In your issue of January 22, 1930, under your signature, a very interesting article entitled "Looking Forward" was read by me. It is very apparent that since Mr. Hoover's election not only has the Prohibition question been manhandled, but Mr. Hoover made a very clear and concise statement in October of 1929 that "Prohibition was not an issue in the Campaign."

It seems to be a very important issue at this time. The promise to investigate this matter thoroughly was only looked at from an enforcement point of view—not for the solution of the problem.

The financial panic in October and November seems to be in keeping with what Wall Street can do. Mr. Hoover and his Cabinet are familiar with what these few men and institutions that are controlling the country today have been able to accomplish and if you will read Mr. William Fox's statement a few days ago in the New York *Sun*. you may then realize in whose hands the entire financial structure of this country rests. I doubt very much if you would be bold enough to criticise anything that these financial geniuses are doing. The entire financial structure of this country has been broken down, and if you and your magazine are not subsidized to the financial powers that be, I think you could make a good deal of capital, not only out of the Prohibition question, but out of the financial panic which is the result of short-selling pure and simple, and which of course should be eliminated.

Compare business conditions of six months ago with the present day and try and investigate how it is possible for this country to have turned turtle financially. . . .

A. L. HELLER

Query

Washington, D. C.

To the Editor of the
Outlook and Independent:

DEAR SIR:

How could a high-class magazine of the Outlook's reputation print the picture of that grinning boy and girl [To Multiply or Divide] with the accompanying vulgar paragraph?

A. W. S.

Deterioration

Burlington County, New Jersey

To the Editor of the
Outlook and Independent:

DEAR SIR:

The letter from Dedham, Mass., captioned by you: "Moral Passion," in the issue of Jan. 22nd so exactly expresses our feeling toward your magazine that I felt I must write and tell you that my husband and I said: "Amen," after reading it.

The best thing in the Outlook, nowadays, is the little article or rather story by Ibby Hall, under the heading: "From the Life." These tales are simply delicious, and we hope you will continue them as long as we continue to subscribe to the Outlook.

For ten years we forwarded the magazine to a friend, but he finally wrote us that the tone and policy of the paper had changed ("deteriorated") so that he really did not care to read it any longer.

We hoped the article, "God," would prove a treat, but were greatly disappointed.

However, some of your topics are very educational and interesting.

SARAH L. HUMASON

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NATURAL GAS

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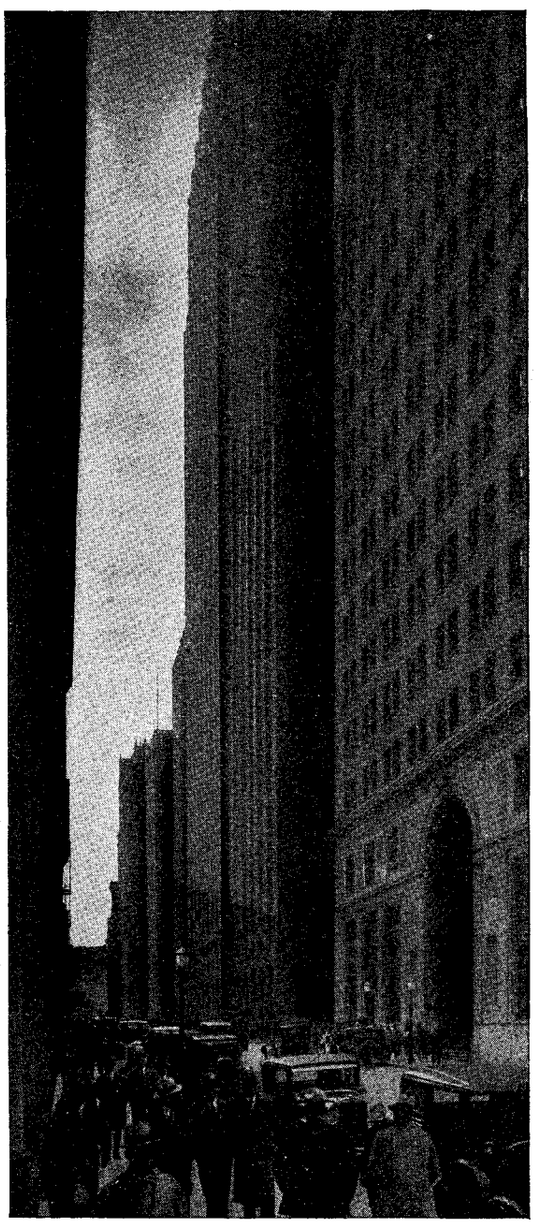

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With Our Readers

Presidential English

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent: *Norwood, Ohio*

DEAR SIR:

The amusing and amiable A. F. C. in his Backstage page in the current issue dwells upon the English of our good President. But when did Herbert Hoover set up as a writer? And how many of the better Presidents of the United States did write well?

The English of Herbert Hoover is inarticulate, molecular, chemical, and not mechanical or physical or crystalline. He does not think in links; his thought is no chain of words. He thinks in inchoate masses resembling far more the mighty moles of modern architecture (or if you please, Babylonian) than Renaissance. His long, interminable rods are rather of pure iron than of gold or steel; they may appear to be cut into sentences, but the appearance is due to typographical convention rather than to modes of thought of their writer.

The genius of Hoover is the genius of the vast caldron of molten metal. For him, there are no such things as words, phrases, sentences, styles; everything is substance. He wears no ornament. He has no sword. He is massive and energetic, not formative and esthetic. He radiates. And already he has transformed the American conception of the Presidency itself.

It may be that the charming and attentive A. F. C. is too near the scene to understand it, and too different from the man himself to understand his nature. He is as different from all other Presidents as was Andrew Jackson. His mass makes him a magnet. As for seeing through him, one might as well try to see through solid metal.

Hoover has always been under-estimated. A democrat, and possibly even a Democrat, he won a seat in a Cabinet headed by a former Old Guard Senator become President. Confronted by a candidate of extraordinary political gifts, he was elected by an amazing majority. He will be renominated and re-elected so overwhelmingly as again to amaze all political wizards.

Hoover is a big "common man." Americans en masse take comfort in him. They care as little about grammar as he himself.

WILLIAM E. CHANCELLOR.

Sign of Sanity

National Mine, P. O.
To the Editor of the Mich.
Outlook and Independent:

DEAR SIR:

Don't you think it rather fortunate that Gilbert P. Simons has to date found no outlet for his "intense interest" in religion? What has his drivelling to do with God or religion? If he would analyze his intellectual conceits as bravely as he analyzes the Decalogue and the Sermon on the Mount he might learn to become less dogmatic and thus more intelligent. The thing he has in mind, is certainly not religion. Much less have his half-baked enthusiasm—biologic imperatives, glimpses of the universal and eternal, etc.—any standing in science.

How on earth did so sane an article as "Divorce" by A. G. Keller ever get into your colums?

GUY SCHUTTE

Complimenting Dr. Keller

To the Editor of the Fond Du Lac, Wis.
Outlook and Independent:

DEAR SIR:

It may interest you to know what use we shall make of a part, at least, of the Outlook, issued January 22, 1930. Besides a general discussion of all the important articles in the Outlook, we have set aside the article on divorce by Prof. A. G. Keller for a special lesson in Civics. This article is certainly worth the price of the Outlook for one year.

What an opportunity it is for my pupils to have the benefit of the ripe experience and judgment of such an authority as Prof. A. G. Keller.

I want to thank you for bringing before us such talent.

Of course, there are many other splendid features of the Outlook which I might mention but this is one that I am especially interested in this week. Congratulations!

E. L. MENDENHALL

The Weaker Sex

To the Editor of the Crafton, Pa.
Outlook and Independent:

DEAR SIR:

. . . . It seems unbelievable. Your "Boston Sees the Joke" tells the world how glad the Outlook is that at last obscene literature may be tolerated. We have "no watch and ward" society, but we club women have a better magazines council, and have succeeded in excluding most of the objectionable periodicals. I hope you men will someday really "see the joke." You have the women of the country to reckon with, women who have children, rear them and love them. Your slams at Mr. Hoover makes us women laugh not to mention your wet propaganda. We know that the 18th amendment is not being enforced 100 per cent but neither are the other laws, theft, murder, narcotics, and the country had to reckon with *acquired appetites*. Your propaganda is useless. Women have the vote, and so long as we have we will be on hand to do our part in the making of a better country for our children. We uphold our institutions of learning, such as Harvard; we cooperate with any society that stands for a higher type of literature, and the women of the country will never have the laws regarding liquor changed.

When you come to reckon with women, perhaps you will see a measure of truth in Kipling's words about the "Female of the Species." We stand millions strong right back of Mr. Hoover. We pray daily for wisdom and guidance to be given to him. If you want your paper to endure, you had better enlist in the cause of righteousness, for only the good is eternal, and it will be no credit to your paper for future generations to have access to the files showing how hard you are trying to hinder a cause that prosperity will cherish as a real American Tradition . . . .

RUTH S. PORTER

Editor's Note—To which we respectfully add:
"Disguise our bondage as we will
'Tis woman, woman, rules us still."

Strychnine for Our Readers

To the Editor of the Lake Worth, Fla.
Outlook and Independent:

DEAR SIR:

I always find one article in every week's issue of the Outlook and Independent that is worth reading. This week it is "God, 1930."

But as the above is true so is it true that usually one article every week "gets my goat." Sometimes it is not an article but the spirit of it or the high and mighty way it is told that gets me—a way that says plainly "if you don't agree with us you are either a fool or a knave."

This time its in Trend of Events—about increasing the poison of denatured alcohol so none of it can possibly be used for drink without deadly effect. It's wonderful the concern ye editors have for the drinking population of these United States—why not cut out wood alcohol altogether—have only grain alcohol.

We have strychnine for sale in this country. I buy some every year to kill rats. Occasionally some one tired of life after reading some article in the Outlook and Independent maybe takes a dose and away he goes. Better urge the government to make strychnine less poisonous—Tra La. . . .

C. W. GREENE

Meddlesome Children

To the Editor of the
Outlook and Independent:

DEAR SIR:

Every one has met the meddlesome type of child. He may be a mental giant in embryo or merely destructive. But the results of his meddling are exactly the same. In order to see how an object "works" he pulls it to pieces spreading parts in front of him in wild disorder and usually marred with dirty finger prints. Unable to reassemble the parts, he has only a mass of junk in place of something that worked—met a definite purpose in a more or less satisfactory fashion. The present Outlook and Independent reminds me of such a child. Its editors no doubt are scientific in intent. But the result is the same as if they were only destructive. Not an emotion, ideal or what have you, but is dragged out, dissected and found wanting, and recently even God himself is receiving his share of like attention.

For many years the Outlook has been and still is unexcelled in its handling of current events, which I believe is what most people demand of a weekly. Why cannot it to some extent at least confine itself to this field varied occasionally by its excellent biographies and such articles as Pottle's "Stretchers"? The latter was almost (not quite) worth wading thru many pages of religious and moral flounderings to secure. . . .

ANNA M. HUSTON

Common Moists

To the Editor of the Chicago
Outlook and Independent:

DEAR SIR:

Ordinary wets have known for some time of "The Association Against the Prohibition Amendment" but they are just beginning to realize that it will not do, or must be supplemented by some other kind of wet organization if the anti-prohibition cause is to get anywhere.

Common moists are beginning to realize that their ability must be incorporated in the dam which can stop the flow of fanaticism which is ruining our land.

The A. A. P. A's never seem to go into rural sections where the wet ranks are thinnest and in dire need of organization. In the cities they are not to be found by the masses.

M. G.

Those Taxes

To the Editor of the Ontario
Outlook and Independent:

DEAR SIR:

The writer of the article on the income tax in your issue of January first must be either an imbecile or a very inept liar. That more money was collected in '28 at the lower tax rate than in '23 at a higher rate means simply that many individuals and corporations had larger incomes in the later year. Had the rate not been reduced a correspondingly larger number of dollars would have been collected. . . .

A. R. CHAPIN

Medical Sandwich

To the Editor of the St. Louis, Mo.
Outlook and Independent:

DEAR SIR:

The letter in the issue of Jan. 22 captioned, "The High Price of Health" reminds me of the "Self Made Merchant" who wrote to his son:—"Some people want their sandwiches straight, some want them buttered—if they want the butter, put it on thick." Now if Mr. Carter's friend wanted $1000. in the form of butter for his wife, can he blame the physician for charging him $500. for the sandwich? Mr. Carter admits that his friend still owes the doctor's bill. Unfortunately so many patients spend such large sums for palatial hospital appointments, special nursing, etc., that there is no money left for the doctor. This obliges him to make his charges large enough to make a living by averaging the bills that are paid and those which are never collected.

As to paying $75 to find out that he was well, I am not in a position to know how much of that was "butter". Still was not Mr. Carter much better off than to have gone to some other man who might subject him to an operation or other expensive form of treatment for an ailment which he did not have? . . . .

REBUS

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